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From the Democratic Review.

### The Old Man's Counsel.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Among our hills and valleys, I have known
Wise and grave men, who while their diligent hands
Tended or gathered in the fruits of earth,
Were reverent learners in the solemn school
Of nature. Not in vain to them were sent
Seed-time and harvest, or the vernal shower
That darkened the brown tilth, or snow that beat
On the white winter hills. Each brought in turn,
Some truth, some lesson on the life of man,
Or recognition of the Eternal Mind
Who veils his glory with the elements.

One such I knew long since; a white-haired man,
Pithy of speech, and merry when he would;
A genial optimist who daily drew
From what he saw his quaint moralities.
Kindly he held communion, though so old,
With me a dreaming boy, and taught me much
That books tell not, and I shall ne'er forget.

The sun of May was bright in middle heaven,
And steeped the sprouting forests, the green hills
And emerald wheat-fields in his yellow light.
Upon the apple-tree, where rosy buds
Stood clustered, ready to burst forth in bloom,
The robin warbled forth his full clear note
For hours, and wearied not. Within the woods
Whose young and half-transparent leaves scarce cast
A shade, gay circles of anemones
Danced on their stalks; the shad-bush white with flowers
Brightened the glens; the new leaved butternut
And quivering poplar to the roving breeze
Gave a balsamic fragrance. In the fields
I saw the pulses of the gentle wind
On the young grass. My heart was touched with joy
At so much beauty, flushing every hour
Into a fuller beauty; but my friend,
The thoughtful ancient, standing at my side,
Gazed on it mildly sad. I asked him why.

"Well may'st thou join in gladness," he replied,
"With the glad earth, her springing plants and flowers,
And this soft wind, the herald of the green
Luxuriant summer. Thou art young like them,
And well may'st thou rejoice. But while the flight
Of seasons fills and knits thy spreading frame,
It withers mine, and thins my hair, and dims
These eyes, whose fading light shall soon be quenched
In utter darkness. Hearest thou that bird?"

I listened, and from 'midst the depth of woods
Heard the low signal of the grouse, that wears
A sable ruff around his mottled neck;
Partridge they call him by our northern streams,
And pheasant by the Delaware. He beat
'Gainst his barred sides his speckled wings, and made
A sound like distant thunder; slow the strokes
At first, then fast and faster, till at length
They passed into a murmur and were still.

"There hast thou," said my friend, "a fitting type
Of human life. 'Tis an old truth, I know,
But images like these will freshen truth.
Slow pass our days in childhood, every day
Seems like a century; rapidly they glide
In manhood, and in life's decline they fly;
Till days and seasons flit before the mind
As flit the snow-flakes in a winter storm,
Seen rather than distinguished. Ah! I seem
As if I sat within a helpless bark
By swiftly running waters hurried on
To shoot some mighty cliff. Along the banks
Grove after grove, rock after frowning rock,
Bare sands and pleasant homesteads, flowery nooks,
And isles and whirlpools in the stream, appear
Each after each, but the devoted skiff
Darts by so swiftly that their images
Dwell not upon the mind, or only dwell
In dim confusion; faster yet I sweep
By other banks, and the great gulf is near.

"Wisely, my son, while yet thy days are long,
And this fair change of seasons passes slow,
Gather and treasure up the good they yield—
All that they teach of virtue, of pure thoughts
And kind affections, reverence for thy God
And for thy brethren; so when thou shalt come
Into these barren years, that flit away
Before their fruits are ripe, thou may'st not bring
A mind unfurnished and a withered heart."

Long since that white-haired ancient slept—but still,
When the red flower-buds crowd the orchard bough,
And the ruffed grouse is drumming far within
The woods, his venerable form again
Is at my side, his voice is in my ear.

From the Ladies' Companion.

## FORTUNE-HUNTING; OR, THE HEIRESS.

BY EMMA C. EMBURY.

"But love is not the bane that I do hunt."—*As you like it.*

"Is it possible I find you for once idle?" said Charles Errington as he entered the office of his friend Lindsay.

"You may always find me unemployed at this hour, Charles; my week's labor is finished, and I was just about to turn the key upon my musty deeds and documents. There are few things which excite me to such lightheartedness as the sunset of a Saturday afternoon, for it is always the harbinger of repose and enjoyment."

"You are a strange fellow, Lindsay," said Errington, "you work like a galley slave all the week and, when compelled to desert from positive fatigue, you deem this mere cessation from labor—*enjoyment*. I wish I had some portion of your easy temper."

"Perhaps the sources of contentment are not open to you, Charles, as they are to me. My unremitting exertions are necessary to provide for the support of my mother and sister; and when, after severe toil, I sit down with them amid the comforts and even luxuries of life;—when I see the cheerful fire, the plentiful table, the neatly appointed household, all of which have been purchased by my industry, I believe my enjoyment far exceeds that of the *millionaire* in the midst of all his wealth. If your father had left you no fortune, Errington, you would have learned by this time that the true secret of content is *industry*."

"Faith, then I shall soon have a chance of being as wise on the subject as yourself, Lindsay, but I am afraid it is too late to begin the necessary discipline. Do you know that I am a ruined man?"

"Impossible!"

"Nay, it is too true: you certainly must have heard of the failure of the great mercantile house of which my father was, at the time of his death, one of the principal partners."

"Yes, but your whole fortune was surely not involved in that?"

"My father had unlimited confidence in the persons connected with him in business, and this has been my ruin. He died before any developments had been made of their imprudent if not dishonorable conduct, and as he left all his estate in their power, they have benefitted themselves at my expense. An annuity of one thousand dollars is all I can now command."

"I am sorry for your loss of fortune, Errington, but really I cannot consider you poor. With a thousand dollars a year and a profession, a man may be independent. You have talents, and if I mistake not, knowledge sufficient to give you a high rank among scientific physicians."

"Faugh! the very thought of my profession disgusts me. This penetrating into the dens of disease, breathing the close and fetid atmosphere of a sick room, and exposing myself to the contact of pestilence is not to my taste. I hate the sight of suffering and always avoid it, if I can."

"But a good physician possesses the enviable privilege of *alleviating* suffering."

"Yes, at the expense of his convenience, his comfort, perhaps his health. He gives his time, his care, his skill; his feelings are daily harrowed up by scenes of distress, and what is his reward? why—if the patient dies, the physician is blamed; if he gets well, his first business probably is to dispute his doctor's bill. No—no—I cannot live by the practice of my profession."

"Well if you are resolved to abandon your medical studies, your income will amply suffice for your support while you pursue some other path. Suppose you try the law."

"What! become a delver and digger into the rubbish of centuries? Waste my youth threading that interminable maze of words in which equity is hidden from vulgar eyes!—and when all is learned—when I have woven my web of wiles, then quietly ensconce myself in the midst of it and wait for victims, as a spider watches for flies. No, that won't answer."

"What if you should adopt a holier calling? your fine figure would appear to a great advantage in the pulpit, and you are quite handsome enough to be a favorite preacher among the ladies."

"Excellent—to declaim to a multitude against the pomps and vanities of this wicked world while my whole heart was panting after their enjoyment. Whatever I may become in later days I am not yet qualified to play *Tartuffe*."

"Nay, in my last suggestion I did but jest, Errington, for I believe there are few heavier sins than that of making the church-aisle the path to worldly advantage. But what do you mean to do? Remain a bachelor and live upon your annuity?"

"That is one of the impossibilities—my income would scarcely pay my tailor's bill. There is but one resource for me,—I must *marry a fortune*."

"And thus sell *yourself* for gold—ha, Errington?"

"No, I would put in one scale my fine person, my talent, my fashionable reputation, and in the other the lady's fortune; so that one should counterbalance the other. It would be only a fair exchange."

"And what do you mean to say to your little friend, Mary Danvers?"

"For Heaven's sake, Lindsay, don't speak of that girl—I dare not allow myself to think of her. I love her to distraction, but I can no longer hope to make her my wife."

"Why not? With her domestic habits, her refined tastes, and the economical ideas which her parents' limited means have necessarily imparted, she would make an estimable wife for a poor man."

"Yes, for a man like you, Lindsay, but not for one whose extravagant habits are too deeply rooted to be destroyed by a change of circumstances. I hesitated about marrying Mary, when I thought myself rich, because *she* had no fortune, and I certainly cannot afford it now. I have not seen her since I learned my poverty."

"My dear fellow," said Lindsay warmly, "I have known the want of money so often that I am fully sensible of its value; but the wealth of a Croesus would not tempt me to barter my affections. There is but one way to test your feelings toward an heiress; ask yourself whether, if she were dowerless, you would love and seek to win her. If your heart replies in the affirmative you may, with a safe conscience, make her your wife; but if you feel that her wealth is the only magnet of attraction, then act like an honorable man, and withdraw from a pursuit which can only end in sorrow. A woman is easily deceived when her feelings are interested, and the man who, under false pretences, would rob her of the treasure of her affections, is a greater villain than the thief who steals her gold."

"You are quite eloquent, Lindsay."

"Because I have witnessed some of the suffering caused by this accursed spirit of *fortune-hunting*. It is scarcely three years since I drew up a marriage settlement for a young and warm-hearted woman, who bestowed a large portion of her wealth upon her impoverished lover, and would have given all, without restriction, but for the caution of her guardian. She was not attractive in person, but she was an affectionate and loveable creature, proud of her husband, and happy in the thought that she had been enabled to bestow on him the wealth which surrounded him with luxury. He wedded her only for that wealth,—he obtained possession of all her available property, and then gave himself up to the unrestrained gratification of his vicious tastes. His cruelty drove her mad, and a commission of lunacy which he has taken out, enables him to control the income of that portion of her estate which is secured from his rapacity, while she pines within the walls of an asylum for the insane."

"But you cannot suppose, Lindsay, that all men are equally base."

"Do you remember the story of Hazael, who, when the prophet predicted the murder and rapine which he would afterward commit, exclaimed, 'Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?' and yet the prediction was actually fulfilled by him to the very letter. He who can enter upon so sacred an engagement as that of marriage, with a consciousness that on his part it is only a matter of interest,—he who can sin against his better nature in thus deceiving a woman who loves and trusts him; cannot say what will be his future conduct. No man can stay the tide of evil within his heart, and he who will commit one unprincipled act, may be easily led to continue his career of crime."

"You argue well, Lindsay, and yet I cannot afford to be convinced by your reasoning. I want money—I have a thousand expensive tastes and habits which must be gratified, and I shall seriously undertake the task of courting an heiress. But I had nearly forgotten the object of my present visit. I intend setting out for the Springs next week, can't you spare a few days from your business, and take a trip with me to the summer resort of Fashion?"

"I have been thinking of indulging myself in a little extravagance, Errington; I feel the need of relaxation, and was debating whether to travel North or South, but the inducement of your society, Charles, is sufficient to decide the question."

"Thank you: I am glad to find you so accessible in this matter. We shall exchange characters for a little while; you will be the idle man and I the busy one,—you will appear as a mere spectator, and I as an actor on the stage of fashion, for I mean to commence the practice of my new profession among the belles of Saratoga."

So saying, Errington flung away the end of his segar and sauntered out of the office.

"There goes one," said Lindsay to himself, "whom the world has spoiled; his generosity has degenerated into profuseness, his liberality has made him a spendthrift, his wit has drawn around him a crowd of unworthy associates, and the talents which might have won for him the admiration and regard of the estimable portion of society, are wasted upon the idle frivolities of a life of fashion."

In pursuance of their plan, a few days after their conversation, the young men repaired to Saratoga, where, among the young and gay, the intellectual and the fashionable, the sensible and the frivolous, the modest and presuming, the unaffected and the arrogant, both found ample scope for the indulgence of their individual tastes. But a few days were sufficient to satiate Lindsay with such a life of excitement, and he was already beginning to think of home, when a new arrival induced him to prolong his stay, and excited the keenest interest in the breast of his friend Errington.

The usual crowd were one day assembled on the piazza of the hotel, to speculate on the new comers as they descended from the stage, when a party alighted which was destined to interest several classes of observers. It consisted of an elderly gentleman and two ladies, one of whom was attired in a style of display but little adapted to travelling, while the other, in a simple straw bonnet and dark dress would have seemed like an attendant, had not the old gentleman been so particular in dividing his attention equally between both.—As they retired to their rooms, various remarks were made respecting them, and as one or two persons present recognized the gentleman, the company were soon in possession of all the information which could be derived from slight acquaintances. It was stated that Mr. Ardley was an Englishman, of large fortune, and remarkable only for his love of claret, and his fondness for a prudent game of whist; that one of the ladies was his daughter, and the other, the daughter by a former marriage, of his second wife. Such was the story set afloat immediately after their first appearance.

The father was a jolly, good-humored man, with a very red face, very white hair, and a sly twinkle of the eye, which betokened a love of the good things of this life, whether they came in the shape of substantial viands, pleasant beverages or sparkling bon-mots. Before his daughters ventured to exhibit themselves, he had already made acquaintance with half the gentlemen in the house, for it was quite impossible to resist his 'infinite humor,' especially as he had a habit of thrusting his hands in his pockets immediately after uttering a jest, and jingling the 'small change' with which he was always abundantly supplied, thereby giving the company auricular demonstration that his jokes were uttered by a 'man who had monies.'

If their characters might be judged according to their style of dress, there could be but little similarity of disposition in the two half-sisters.—Attired in a rich embroidered satin robe, and loaded with jewelry, her emaciated figure contracted within the smallest possible compass, Miss Ardley entered the saloon with the air of one who is conscious that nothing is wanting on her part to ensure success. But the report of her father's wealth could not blind people to the fact that her drab-colored complexion, light blue eyes almost destitute of lashes, and hair of the tint and quality of tow, afforded small claim to admiration on the score of personal attractions. Her sister, Miss Mountfort, was no beauty; a petite figure slightly inclining to *en bon point*, a face beaming with rosy health, a dark eye sparkling with intelligence, and teeth of pearly whiteness, redeemed her want of regularity of features, and made amends for a mouth *rather* too wide, and a forehead somewhat too low. A plain silk dress displayed the finely-rounded waist and well proportioned figure; her dark hair, simply parted in front, was gathered into a full braid, in accordance with a fashion, which, though not becoming to more than one person in fifty, is admirably calculated to exhibit to advantage a small and beautifully moulded head. Devoid of any ornament, except a small gold watch, which seemed worn for use rather than display, could be considered such, the simplicity of her dress soon satisfied those who were inquiring "which is the heiress?" and Anna Mountfort found herself on this, as on former occasions, only the appendage to her wealthier sister. But she seemed quite content to be left to the society of elderly ladies and married gentlemen, while the heiress was riding or walking, dancing or talking with foreign counts, whiskered dandies, moustached beaux, and other *distingues*, who usually assemble at a place like Saratoga.—A temper naturally cheerful served to reconcile Miss Mountfort to the superiority of her sister in worldly advantages, and to a careless observer she seemed almost unconscious of the comparative neglect she experienced. But the few who were sufficiently interested by her *naive* manners, to watch her more closely, could not but notice the quiet smile which often lurked on her young lip, as she beheld the interesting attentions which were lavished upon her unattractive sister.

At their first appearance both Lindsay and Errington had been attracted by the lovely countenance of Anna Mountfort. Her bright face seemed, like spring sun-shine, to light up every thing it looked upon. Kindly feelings, warm affections, brilliant intellect beamed from every feature, and even her ignorance or contempt of the formal etiquette of fashionable life, was an additional charm to men of taste and talent. But Errington could not afford to waste his attentions upon the dowerless beauty. It was necessary for him to make the best of his time, before the story of his impoverishment should debar him from the opportunities, which as a man of wealth, he now enjoyed, and he accordingly devoted himself to the rich Miss Ardley, the reputed heiress of her father's large estate, with an assiduity that could scarce fail of success.

Charles Errington had all the requisites for shining in fashionable society. He was six feet high, and he employed the most skilful tailor in town;—his hair was raven black, and, by the aid of his barber, was taught to fall in graceful curls, after a fashion which is well adapted to conceal the defects of those, who, like king Midas, are afflicted with asses' ears;—his whiskers and imperial were as glossy as sultan Mahmoud's dye could make them; and the curve of his moustache was admirably calculated to display the classical form of his mouth, while it afforded the benefit of contrast to his fine teeth. Add to these personal advantages, a quick wit at understanding and a ready tact in adapting himself to the characters of his associates, and it must be acknowledged that he was by no means deficient in the qualities most essential to success in fashionable life. It is time our hero was gifted with far higher attributes. He had talents of the noblest order—learning beyond his years—warm affections—and lofty impulses; but of what use were these in the career of fashion and fortune-hunting? His talents could only make him feared by the weak, his learning might be a bugbear to the ignorant, his affections were likely to interfere with his worldly prosperity, and his better feelings might, perhaps, overturn some well-arranged scheme of advancement. As a matter of policy, therefore, all such inconvenient gifts were placed out of view. Like the English duchess who pawned her diamonds, and counterfeited them in paste, in order to gratify her gambling propensities, Errington was content to barter the true glory of nature, and wear the false glitter of factitious advantages, in order to win the stake for which he was now playing.

He soon found that in the present instance his task would not be a very difficult one. Not that the lady was by any means ignorant of the snares with which she was beset, but simply because she was perfectly willing to be caught in the lure of him whom she should like best. In fact Jane Ardley was no novice in society. She had already reached that *uncertain age* when a woman is usually pretty well skilled in the knowledge of the world, and, whatever might have been her motives for not marrying earlier in life, she certainly showed no disposition to coyness at present. Errington's reputation for wealth had first induced her to listen graciously to his blandishments, and she was not insensible to the triumph of enthralling one of the handsomest, and most fashionable heroes of society. Totally destitute of intellectual graces, Miss Ardley was gifted with that species of craft and subtlety which, in the acquisition of worldly gain, often fully supplies the place of mental vigor. In the race of life, the creeping tortoise more frequently reaches the goal than the aspiring eagle, and cunning will often attain what integrity would not stop to win. Conscious of her personal defects, mortified at the fate which had condemned her so long to a single life, and alarmed by the growing attractions of her sister, whom she had managed to keep out of view as long as possible, Miss Ardley now determined to take advantage of her position as an heiress, and rather to run the risk of wedding a fortune-hunter, than to allow another season to pass, unmarried.

In the mean time, Mr. Ardley looked on with as much indifference as if he had been a mere spectator of the game which was daily played before him. Uniformly kind and attentive to both his daughters, he seemed to have little affection for either, and seemed to care no more for the swarm of adventurers, who surrounded the heiress of his fortune, than for the comparative neglect which his step-daughter experienced. Mr. Ardley was one of those persons, often met with in society, the consummate selfishness of whose nature is so overlaid with agreeable social qualities that the existence of the hidden vice is never suspected. There is a great difference between the amiability that springs from innate good feeling, and that which is only the result of refined self-love. In the one case, it is as the abundant crop of rich grain produced from a fertile soil;—in the other, it is only the growth of wild-flowers, sown by the wind in the crevices of a flinty rock; and yet most persons, charmed by the beauty which meets their eye, will be found to prize most, those companions, whose pleasant manners serve to conceal their indurated hearts. Mr. Ardley's store of anecdote, his ready wit, his imperturbable good humor, his amusing epicurism, which exhibited itself in his fondness for cooking with his own hands his favorite dishes, his droll imitations of distinguished persons whom he had met in society, and his admirable *buffo* singing, made him a great favorite with all classes of persons. So long as he could eat, drink and be merry,—so long as his bottle of claret and game of whist were not denied him, he cared not a pin for the mischances or successes, the griefs or the joys, of all the rest of mankind.

Led away by his admiration of the gentle Anna Mountfort, Lindsay had been as assiduous in his attentions to her as his friend Errington in his devotion to her sister. He found her modest, retiring manners were the fruits of a highly cultivated mind, and a heart filled with all feminine feelings; and, in the opportunities afforded him by the comparative neglect with which she was treated, he learned that her beauty was the least of her attractions. But he was not too deeply infatuated to forget the call of duty, and leaving Errington to settle his affairs with the heiress, Lindsay returned to his office, resolving to banish from his thoughts the lovely girl whom he was too poor to wed. He found this no easy task, however; never before had his want of wealth seemed to him so severe a privation, and when the Ardleys took lodgings in New York, he could not resist the temptation of becoming a frequent visitor.

In the mean time, Errington had taken care not to lose sight of the heiress. Proud of her conquest, Miss Ardley accepted, in the most public manner, of his attentions, and even seemed to take pleasure in displaying her power over him. But the time came when he dared no longer delay the decision of the matter. His money was long since exhausted, his debts had accumulated, and his creditors had only been induced to wait by the tidings of his approaching marriage. He was also alarmed by the appearance of a foreign count, who, after exciting the attention of every body, by riding through Broadway on horseback, attended by two grooms in liveries of blue and silver, condescended to pay court to the ladies, taking care, however, to select those who were reputed wealthy. This distinguished individual, who possessed the superior advantages of two inches additional stature, and a title, began to show symptoms of rivalship in the good graces of Miss Ardley, and Errington felt there was no time to be lost. Seizing the earliest opportunity, he breathed his protestations of love into the willing ear of the lady, and was overjoyed to find that he was not doomed to sigh in vain. But, knowing that an application to her father would necessarily involve the discovery of his straightened circumstances, he endeavored, without alarming the lady's suspicions, to offer satisfactory reasons for keeping their engagement secret from her family. Miss Ardley entered fully into his plans, and assured him that it would be impossible to obtain her father's consent to their union, alleging, that by the will of her mother, from whom the fortune had descended, the property was to become hers, immediately upon her marriage, and that it was consequently the interest of her father to defer such an event as long as possible. These tidings were artfully designed to incite Errington to greater ardor than he had yet shown, and their effect was quite equal to her expectations. He immediately proposed an elopement and with less hesitation than he had expected or even wished, she consented to a clandestine marriage.

It was with strange, sad feelings that Errington pondered on his future destiny, when he returned home on that eventful evening. He had gone too far to retrace his steps, and, therefore, reflection could do him no good; yet he indulged it until his brain reeled on the very verge of madness. He felt that he had pledged himself to wed a woman of unattractive person, of vulgar manners, of uncultivated mind and, as he doubted not, of harsh temper,—a woman, in short, whom he should blush to introduce as his wife. He was conscious that he had sacrificed his happiness, and he could not but ask himself whether gold was worth the price he was about to pay for it. He was half tempted to break off the alliance, but his eye fell upon a bundle of unpaid bills and he knew not how to resist so powerful an argument.

During these proceedings, Lindsay had allowed his affections to become too deeply interested in the orphan sister, and he now bitterly reproached himself for his folly in thus exposing himself to the fascinations of her society. He felt that he had acted unwisely, but he determined to make amends for his error by an instant and total withdrawal of his attentions. He accordingly left home one evening, with a resolution to make it his farewell visit to Miss Mountfort, since his poverty forbade him to offer her his hand. But, alas, for the weakness of lovers' vows! He found Miss Mountfort alone, and, unfortunately for his good resolutions, the conversation assumed a tone of sentiment, which proved fatal to his prudential calculations, as well as to his sense of honor. Scarcely conscious of the full meaning of the words he uttered, he avowed his love to the gentle girl, and with a mingled feeling of rapture and self-reproach, learned that his affection was not unrequited. But when the tumult of his thoughts had somewhat subsided, he remembered that duty required him to make a frank statement of his circumstances, lest he should involve Miss Mountfort in an engagement of which she might afterward repent.

"I have erred—deeply erred, dear Miss Mountfort," said he, "in thus yielding to the impulses of my heart; I can only offer you a humble home, and a narrow fortune. My utmost exertions can but insure me an income of fifteen hundred dollars, and my mother and sister have a claim upon me, which cannot be disallowed. Can you consent to share the simple comforts of that abode, which is brightened by the sunshine of affection, but destitute of all the appliances of luxury?"

"Cannot a wife be content with the lot which suffices for a mother, Lindsay?" said Miss Mountfort, "but perhaps," continued she, while the flush of wounded pride crossed her fair face, "perhaps you think I shall be a burden to you;—prudence may require that you should wed a woman of fortune, rather than a dowerless orphan."

"Anna,—Miss Mountfort, this is unkind: it is but for your own sake, I hesitate. God knows how cheerfully *I* could encounter poverty and privation for you, but you are accustomed to the rich appointments of a wealthy household, and how can you endure the change."

"You forget, Lindsay, that I enjoy these luxuries only upon sufferance," said Miss Mountfort, with an arch look, "you forget that though living in the midst of splendor, I am absolutely poor."

"No, Anna, had I not known you to be destitute of fortune, I would have suffered in silence the pangs of hopeless affection, but would never have made known to you my feelings. Yet, heretofore, your father's kindness has secured you from all the inconveniences of a narrow income, and as the wife of a poor man, there will be necessity for economy and restraint, of which you little dream."

"I shall not shrink from my duties, Lindsay; can you not trust me even as I trust you?" and as she spoke she laid her hand on his.

"Trust you? yes—with my whole heart," exclaimed Lindsay, passionately, as he pressed that little hand to his lips.

Just at this moment, Mr. Ardley entered the room, with a most whimsical expression of face, and holding an open letter. At the sight of Lindsay he paused, and read aloud the following words:

MY DEAR FATHER—

Circumstances which you doubtless understand, have induced me to take a step, which you will, I trust, excuse, since in uniting myself to a man of fortune, and good standing in society, I have only followed your repeated advice. I was married this morning and, after to-morrow, we shall be at the Astor House, where we shall be happy to receive the congratulations of our friends.

Your affectionate daughter,
JANE ERRINGTON.

Lindsay and Miss Mountfort listened in mute amazement to this singular epistle, and awaited the explosion of parental wrath, which they expected would follow. But, Mr. Ardley was too fond of his ease to get in a passion about trifles.

"Pray, sir," said he to Lindsay, "were you privy to this plan?"

"I give you my word, Mr. Ardley, that it was never hinted to me."

"What is the fortune of your friend, Errington?" asked the anxious father.

Lindsay hesitated, until the question was repeated, when he replied, "I believe his income is about a thousand dollars a year."

"A thousand dollars! not more than a thousand dollars! why I thought he was almost a *millionaire*," exclaimed Mr. Ardley.

"He was once very wealthy, but the failure of the house of Errington & Co. in New Orleans, has ruined him; an annuity, which he draws from his mother, is all he now possesses."

"Then Jane has made a pretty business out of her well-managed elopement. She would not ask my consent for fear I would tell the whole truth, and I suppose, Mr. Errington was equally afraid of inconvenient developments. Well,—if this isn't diamond cut diamond! Upon my soul it is a capital joke," and the father, throwing himself on the sofa, indulged in a hearty fit of laughter.

Lindsay looked at him with astonishment, and could only attribute his conduct to the influence of his favorite claret, but the arch smile which sat on the lip of Anna Mountfort, was more mysterious to him than the obstreperous mirth of her father. He waited in vain, however, for an explanation of the jest, for Anna whispered something in her father's ear, which served to restore him to his usual caution, and Lindsay was at a loss to understand what could make a daughter's elopement so good a joke.

A few weeks after the events just recorded, a small select bridal party were assembled in St. Paul's Church. The chief actors in the scene were our friends, Lindsay and Miss Mountfort, while the most distinguished persons in their train were Mr. and Mrs. Errington, whose elopement had so recently formed the "*nine day wonder*" of the fashionable world. Mr. Ardley, who gave away the bride, seemed in high spirits, and full of ill-repressed mirth as he whispered in the ear of each coachman on leaving the church.—The bridegroom was too much occupied with his own thoughts to notice that the carriages were proceeding in a direction different from that which they had pursued on their way to the church. But in a few moments they turned into one of the most splendid streets, in the upper part of the city,—the steps were let down, and marshalled by Mr. Ardley, the company entered a stately house, furnished in the most superb manner. Lindsay stared in silent wonder, and had just come to the conclusion that his father-in-law was about to make the bride a very magnificent present—but one, which little suited the fortune of the bridegroom, when Mr. Ardley led him aside, and beckoning to Errington to follow them, thus addressed them:

"Business before pleasure, gentlemen; let us settle one affair first, and we can eat our sumptuous repast with a better relish. My wife was very wealthy, and fearing the effect, which so great a fortune might have upon her daughter's character, she made a will, by which she bequeathed to me the use of all the income, provided, I kept the child in ignorance of her prospects until her twentieth year. This condition was easily fulfilled, and just twelve months ago, she learned that she was an heiress. But her romantic temper led her to wish the secret still kept, in order to test the sincerity of her suitors, and as I was thus enabled to retain the income another year, you may be sure I made no objection. But she is of age to-day, and I must hereafter, be content with a bare two thousand a year, which is mine by the bequest of her mother."

"Of whom do you speak?" exclaimed Errington, as Lindsay was about to ask the same question. "Jane is surely more than twenty-one."

"Indeed she is, my good sir; your wife will never see thirty-one again, Mr. Errington, but I am speaking of Anna Mountfort, my step-daughter, the heiress of the large fortune, which fame so kindly bestowed on me. Mr. Lindsay, Anna positively forbade me to tell you the whole truth at an earlier period, but I may now congratulate you upon obtaining with the hand of your lovely bride, an estate worth fifteen thousand a year."

"And Jane?" gasped Errington.

"Is entitled to an annuity of five hundred, during her life, which will be doubled at my death. Had you asked me for the hand of my daughter, I should have felt myself bound, by the honor of a gentleman, to tell you the truth respecting her prospects, but you chose to marry without inquiring '*which is the heiress*,' and must now reap the benefits of your own folly. Mr. Lindsay, any future inquiries you may wish to make shall be promptly answered, and all the necessary documents shall be put into your hands to-morrow, but you will be so good as to excuse me at present,—dinner will be ready to be served, as soon as I shall have cooked the delicious *canvass backs* which are now awaiting my attention."

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OVERTURE.—Why is her majesty the most popular composer of the day? Because her *overture* to Prince Albert is her own all over Europe.

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### The Winter King.

BY HANNAH F. GOULD.

O! what will become of thee, poor little bird!
The muttering storm in the distance is heard;
The rough winds are waking, the clouds growing black!
They'll soon scatter snow-flakes all over thy back!
From what sunny clime hast thou wandered away?
And what art thou doing this cold winter day?
"I'm picking the gum from the old peach tree,
The storm doesn't trouble me—Dee, dee, dee."

But what makes thee seem so unconscious of care?
The brown earth is frozen, the branches are bare!
And how canst thou be so light-hearted and free,
Like Liberty's form with the spirit of Glee,
When no place is near for thine evening rest,
No leaf for thy screen, for thy bosom no nest?
"Because the same hand is a shelter for me
That took off the summer leaves—Dee, dee, dee!"

But man feels a burden of want and of grief,
While plucking the cluster and binding the sheaf;
We take from the ocean, the earth, and the air,
And all their rich gifts do not silence our care.
In summer we want; in winter we're chilled,
With ever a void that is yet to be filled.
"A very small portion sufficient will be
If sweetened with gratitude—Dee, dee, dee!"

I thank thee, bright monitor! what thou hast taught
Will oft be the theme of happiest thought.
We look at the clouds; while the bird has an eye
To Him who reigns over them, changeless and high!
And now, little hero, just tell me thy name,
Then I may be sure whence my oracle came.
"Because in all weather I'm happy and free,
'They call me the 'WINTER KING'—Dee, dee, dee."

But soon there'll be ice weighing down the light bough
Whereon thou art flitting so merrily now!
And though there's a vesture well-fitted and warm,
Protecting the rest of thy delicate form,
What then wilt thou do with thy little bare feet,
To save them from pain 'mid the frost and the sleet?
"I can draw them right up in my feathers, you see;
To warm them and, fly away—Dee, dee, dee."

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## MY COUSIN ISABEL.

BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

Isabel was a poetess—one of those strange sweet beings, that sometime meet us here, and seem like stars wandered away to Earth from their own beautiful spheres. I knew her not till she was fifteen, and she was then all I knew or could fancy of loveliness. She was ever a glad creature, and the young blossoms that shone like stars on the midnight of her tresses, were not more bright or shadowless, than the sweet brow that arched beneath them. Here was indeed, a spiritual existence. She loved the glorious things of Earth as an Angel loves his own Paradise, and her soul would often blend with them, till the fulness of her ecstacy could find utterance but with tears. Poetry was, to her, a familiar dream—a vision of floating loveliness—and she moved abroad, in the light of its inspired Divinity. I have strayed by her side on a summer evening, and listened with her to the mysterious pine-lutes of the forest, or the deep murmur of the mountain-streams, and gazed upon the moonlight as it was tinting the mists, the waves, and the wooded hills, with the bright coloring of dreams, and looked abroad upon the great Ocean heaving perpetually as if it were the throbbing heart of the Universe, and then her thoughts would have utterance, and her language came like the low music of a twilight wave—the breathing forth of the soul of poetry, that had floated into her spirit from the sky, the flowers, the waters, and all the thousand objects, among which she was wandering—and I yielded to the enchantment, till I could have knelt to her in worship as to a glorious vision sent down from a perfect sphere.

Isabel knew little of society. Her home was where she could gaze at will on the lovely and the sublime, the first opening of the blossoms of Spring beneath the budding tree, and the stately steppings of the Almighty amid the thunder crags and roaring forests of the mountain. When her thoughts strayed beyond these, it was to hold communion, not with the allurements of society, but with the shining stars, the bright and spiritual worlds above her. Her thoughts went upward, like incense rushing from a broken urn.

The following Hymn, which I found in her favorite arbor after a night of peculiar stillness and beauty is a specimen of her habits of contemplation.

Those burning stars! What are they? I have dreamed,
That they were blossoms on the tree of life—
Or glory flung back from the mighty wings
Of God's arch-angels—or that yon blue sky,
With all its gorgeous blazonry of stars,
Was but a banner waving on the winds
From the far wall of Heaven! And I have sat
And drank their gush of glory, till I felt
Their flash electric trembling with a deep
And strong vibration down the living wire
Of chainless passion—and my every pulse
Was beating high, as if a spring were there
To lift me up where I might ever roam
'Mid the unfathomed vastness of the sky,
And dwell with those high stars, and see their light
Poured down upon the Earth, like dew
From the bright urns of Naiads!

Beautiful stars!
What are ye? There is in my heart of hearts
A fount, that heaves beneath you like the deep
Beneath the glories of the midnight moon!
And list! your music-tones are floating now
Around me like an element—so low,
So wildly beautiful, I almost deem,
That ye are there the living harp of God,
O'er which the incense winds of Eden stray,
And wake such tones of mystic minstrelsy,
As well might wander down to this dim world
As fashion dreams of Heaven! Peal on—peal on—
Nature's high anthem! for my life has caught
A portion of your purity and power,
And seems but as a sweet and holy tone
Of wild star-music!

Blessed—blessed things!
Ye are in Heaven, and I on Earth!—my soul
Even with a whirlwind's rush, may wander off,
To your immortal realms, but it must fall,
Like your own ancient Pleiad, from its height,
To dim its new-caught glories in the dust!
This Earth is very beautiful—I love
Its wilderness of spring-flowers—its bright clouds—
The majesty of mountains—and the wild
Magnificence of Ocean—for they come,
Like visions o'er my heart—but when I look
On your unfading loveliness, I feel
Like a lost infant gazing on its home,
And weep to die, and come where ye repose
Upon yon boundless Heaven, like parted souls
On an Eternity of blessedness!

'Tis wonderful what changes may be wrought by a few fleeting years in a sensitive spirit. I was alone with Isabel in her arbor, on a calm evening of her twentieth Spring, and when she chanted, as usual, a sweet and tender air, I could not but contrast the passionate melancholy of her voice with the tone of joyousness with which she had so often delighted me in her girlhood. Isabel was sinking into the grave. Passion had not visited her in any of its fiercer forms, but her heart had sunk down from its starry height, and, like an Autumn flower, was casting its life-breath upon the winds. I looked upon her, and her eyes were raised to Heaven, and as the moon-beams came down and slumbered in their depths she shook aside her long tresses that seemed to have caught their wildness and darkness from the storm, and a gush of tears, such as come when the heart yearns for language, bathed her cheek, and she sobbed long and loud. At length, her tones and cheek were changed to their wonted calmness. "I have been thinking," said she, "that I am about to die—about to go away from this cold world, where everything is chilled in its blossoming. It should be so. I was once a happy creature—my thoughts were Eden birds, that fluttered and sung in the bright air of Heaven, but died when the tender plumage was touched by the Earth. A child of dreams I sought the world—but I am wearied—wearied now—and I will break my poor lute and die. Oh, whence are the bright visions, that have shed their broken and momentary gleams upon my spirit, and led me on to seek in vain their beautiful realities amid all the changes of existence! I have often dreamed, that we must have lived in some other and more glorious state of being, and that the mysterious glimpses which here linger round our souls are the broken remembrances of that better realm. They are brightest in childhood—they picture a rainbow in every tear—and, in our infant thoughtfulness, we imagine them the shadow of the glories that await us in life: but as we journey onward, they begin to dissolve away, the music, with which they come over us, swells faintly and more faintly upon the blast, till, at length, we awake, and find that all is but a cold and bitter mockery!"

In a few days we laid Isabel in her grave.

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### You Remember It—Don't You?

You remember the time when I first sought your home,
When a smile, not a word, was the summons to come?
When you call'd me a friend, till you found with surprise,
That our friendship turned out to be love in disguise?
You remember it—don't you?
You will think of it—won't you?
Yes, yes, of all this the remembrance will last,
Long after the present fades into the past.

You remember the grief that grew lighter when shared,
With the bliss you remember, could aught be compared?
You remember how fond was my earliest vow;
Not fonder than that which I breathe to thee now?
You remember it—don't you?
You will think of it—won't you?
Yes, yes, of all this the remembrance will last,
Long after the present fades into the past.

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## THE LOVE-RING.

The night which followed the battle of Praga was by no means a quiet one at Warsaw. Groups of human beings, some bearing torches, others poinards were tumultuously assembled opposite to the palace of the ex-imperial police. A thousand confused voices, including every sound from the deep base of athletic full grown patriots, to the high treble screams of women and children, demanded in chorus of frightful discord the death of an individual.

In the midst of the principal group, the string of a broken lamp dangled loose from the lamp post—and children in rags, with wild and ferocious countenances, were laughing, swinging, and playing with it, and ever and anon converting the end of it into a slip knot. The moon shed its cold white beams upon the livid features of a poor spy, bound, and encircled, and half smothered by the pressure of the crowd thirsting for his blood, which had come thither to reek their vengeance upon him. Overcome and motionless, he was in that state which is neither life nor death. He looked at the crowd without appearing to comprehend their meaning—the string was ready, and the knot slipped—the brawny hands of an extempore hangman were upon him.

"Die! die! thou vile traitor! Praga is burnt, the lancers are biting the sod, and Poland is bleeding—whilst thou and thine, those whom thou lovest and servest, would inflict chains and pestilence upon us! Not a single cry of mercy is raised in thy behalf; not a regret nor a complaint uttered at thy doom. Even the women pity thee not. Therefore thou must die, and on this very spot, in front of the palace of the Russian police; for there hast thou drunk, there hast thou sung—there, when it was cold for us in Warsaw, thou hadst the warmth of spring at thy command. Thence didst thou look upon us scornfully, as we passed cold and suffering. There we warmed thee, and by our toil of slavery, provided wine for thee—there we pampered thee at the expense of our comforts, and our happiness, and our freedom. Fool that thou art—knowest thou not that the animal is fattened before it is killed?"

The string was strained, and the pulley squeaked. The unhappy man was hoisted slowly, and the impatient crowd applauded. On a sudden the rumbling of a heavily laden wagon was heard at a distance. The nearer it approached, the more did it excite the attention of the multitude. It proceeded with difficulty along the unpaved streets; but it stopped at length before a neighboring barricade. All the spectators of the execution immediately ran thither. The spy was left alone; the string by which he was suspended had not fastened, and the men who held it letting go their hold, the half-strangled wretch fell to the ground.

What was the cause of this reprieve? The spy hoped—what! I can't tell. For supernatural aid, perhaps; that a miracle had been performed to save him, or that the Russians had entered Warsaw. But a sublime and patriotic strain soon resounded in his ears—

"Let the Lancers die, and Poland live forever!"

followed by clapping of hands, greetings, cries of joy. The wagon conveyed the wounded from Praga. It contained those young and brave lancers who had gone forth so robust, and were now returned, mutilated by the enemy's grape shot. One had lost an arm, another a leg, a third—but let us draw a veil over the sufferings of these brave men. They were singing in chorus:

"Let the Lancers die, and Poland live forever."

The crowd was instantly occupied in pulling down the barricade which prevented the wagon from passing. Surely there was never before so energetic and unanimous an operation—enemies alone display such amazing activity. Paving stones, tuns, timbers, and chains cleared and separated like the unravelling a knot of thread. The street was soon cleared—the wagon passed through two lines of respectable citizens, and followed by the crowd advanced toward the man whose execution had been suspended. The latter with the rope about his neck, dared not move or call for assistance, lest the attention of the populace should again be directed toward him. But once more surrounded, he implored for mercy.

"Mercy!" loudly repeated a young wounded man from the wagon. He stood upright, and his head was awkwardly bandaged with a linen saturated with blood. His words were brief and his accent imposing. "Mercy!" he exclaimed, "for this poor wretch. When a condemned criminal meets the king's carriage he is entitled to his free pardon. Now this man has encountered a wagon of wounded patriots—a majesty which is, perhaps as good as any other. Let it in this case have the same privilege. Let the man live!"

This voice of clemency from a wounded patriot, asking for the pardon of an enemy, carried with it a power that subdued the anger of the multitude. The populace is variable, and its passions changeable. Each pressed forward to liberate the spy—his deliverance could not take place too soon. An infinity of hands seized the string, crossed each other and pulled different ways—unhappily they executed the poor wretch in their very anxiety to save him.

"Thou art free! Get up and go about thy business!"

The spy answered not.

"Has fear then killed thee?"

No. The spy was dead: and the people who so lately had blasphemed at seeing him alive, now grieved for him. Fear and sadness were expressed on the features of all. The wagon and the crowd rapidly quitted the square.

Meanwhile the young wounded soldier had fallen into strange reflections. The moonlight had enabled him to recognise the features of the dead man; they were those of Michel Linski, a former comrade in Constantine's guard, and his rival in the affections of the youthful Maria, when both wore the imperial livery. The revolution had taken place; the one had remained in the service of the Russians, and the other had deserted to serve his country.

Now that the wounded had recognised the victim of both the popular wrath and the popular humanity, he felt less grieved at the occurrence. He had now no rival to fear; and after all, Linski was a base traitor.

Like a hearse moving among the tombs, the wagon slowly proceeded between two rows of houses, whose doors were carefully closed. A single window in one of these dark dwellings still showed a light. Who could be watching at such an hour—a thief, or a poet? Neither. It was a young girl of ravishing beauty. One of her elbows was supported on a table, over which her elastic and youthful figure was gracefully bending. She was thinking, no doubt, of her lover. But she had been reading; a smoking lamp threw its light upon a number of the State Gazette: in Poland the women do not confine their thoughts to their lovers.

Public rumor had in vague terms made her acquainted with the battle of Praga; and her lover was at Praga; he was to her as an offering upon the altar of her country. No doubt he had acted in a manner worthy of her; no doubt he had fought bravely; and was perhaps wounded—perhaps killed! This idea flashed through her heart, like lightning through a cloud, and left a pang of dreadful apprehension. She dared not for some time open the paper and read the account, lest she should find the name of Stanislas among the slain.

At length she took courage. From the report she found that he had been wounded, during a glorious charge, and that he was sent back to Warsaw to be cured. She should see him, then! Disfigured, perhaps! But how handsome would he then appear in her eyes! She should press him in her arms to-morrow, and walk with him through the whole city. She read no more. Her mind was wandering in search of her wounded lover, and her meditations were full of delight. The purest patriotism was linked with her love for Stanislas—and, at the time when she should unite her fate to his, she trusted her beloved Poland would have effected its divorce from Nicholas. By degrees her long eyelashes closed, and the paper fell from her grasp. She was asleep, and the lamp burnt on, when a Polish soldier entered the room. He was young and handsome, and he was, moreover, wounded. It was Stanislas. He contemplated his sleeping mistress. Her sleep was that of innocence; her breathing was calm and free, and from her head, a little thrown back, a thick ringlet of auburn hair hung over each cheek. Stanislas, in profound admiration, remained motionless as a statue. A delicately white hand was spread upon the knees of the maiden; it was the hand which had held the gazette—the left hand, that upon which the wedding ring is always worn.

A sharp and sudden pang contracted the brow of Stanislas. Upon this naked hand he saw not a ring which, on leaving Maria, he had given her as a pledge of his affection. He examined the other hand, but it was not there either. She wore no ring, no necklace, no jewel of gold or silver, either in her hair, on her neck, or in her ears. What could this mean? And the ring of fidelity, where was it? what had she done with it? Stanislas was beside himself—a painful thought shot through his brain. He regretted he had not examined the fingers of the dead. The young girl slept on; he shook her rudely.

"Awake," he cried, "awake and answer me. What have you done with it?"

In alarm, she opened her eyes, but without comprehending what was passing.

"It is I! Stanislas!"

He squeezed her arm. His wound had again opened, and the blood flowed copiously. The poor girl could neither speak nor move; she seemed under the spell of the night-mare.

"Michael Linski is at Warsaw," roared Stanislas; "that Michael whom you loved; Michael, the Spy. I have seen him; and I asked for his pardon. You may see him from your window. They have strangled him; so much the better."

He laughed, but it was the laugh of a madman.

"Wear no mourning, for your lover died for his country!" and he added, in a melancholy tone; "I have sacrificed all for my country, and whilst I was fighting her battles, I was basely betrayed. Woman! woman! thy heart is inexplicable. Come, it will not avail to shut your eyes and faint—you must and shall hear me."

And he shook her; but the poor girl had fainted. This apparition in the middle of the night, interrupted her quiet sleep, uttering curses, and besmeared with blood—this horrible fantastic reality, had overcome her. When she recovered her senses, Stanislas was gone.

"I have dreamt it," she said, "and oh! what a horrible dream! I think he began mildly."

Meantime Stanislas, who had gone to the hospital, was raving in delirium. He cursed both his country and the object of his affections.

Unhappy man! he still loved her, and for a passion like his there was only one remedy—death! She was still before his eyes, bold and unmoved—but beautiful.

The sister of charity who attended the ward approached Stanislas, and held out to him a small box sealed. His pale cheeks became suddenly flushed, and he eagerly snatched the box from the hands of the good sister. He recognised it as belonging to Maria. On opening it he found lying upon a soft bed of beautiful white cotton, the very ring which he had given to his betrothed; accompanied by a writing stamped with the arms of Poland in the following terms:

"The National government to Ensign Stanislas. For a month's pay due, the ensign shall receive this ring, presented to the public treasury by the citizen Maria ———, ———, Minister of Finance."

The government had not yet had time to send to the mint the patriotic gifts of the ladies of Warsaw.

Stanislas recovered in a moment; he rose from his bed, and was in a short time in Maria's presence—but trembling, agitated, and ashamed to look her in the face. Gently taking her left hand, he said,

"What have you done with my ring? Do you recognise me? I am Stanislas!"

"Oh! he is just as he appeared last night. It is the reality of my dream."

But this time Stanislas spoke mildly, and his look was tender—neither was his hand so strong and rough. His wound, however, was still bleeding, and this was in the dream; but it was now divested of the fear and horror that had accompanied the circumstance on the previous night.

"Maria, forgive my mad fury; idiot that I was to accuse thee so wrongfully!"

She did not comprehend him.

"Will you believe that I thought you had given my ring to Michael Linski?"

Still she did not comprehend his meaning. She wanted to talk to him about the war, the danger of Praga, his own wounds, and the general in chief, as if this was the first time she had met him since his return. He, on the other hand, would speak of nothing but his ring, and his anger on the previous night.

"Oh! we have already met," he said, "it was in this very apartment, and here is evidence of the fact. Behold this blood upon the carpet."

The truth flashed upon Maria.

"It was not then a dream? I have it," she cried, after a moment's reflection; "you were asking me for my ring."

"I cannot see," he exclaimed.

"Oh no! I did not hear it."

"You were asleep then. So much the better. As for the ring, I have it here, and I thus restore it to you."

Marie put the ring on her finger, and a few days after, the lovers were kneeling together before the great altar of the cathedral receiving the nuptial benediction.

## PRAIRIE SKETCHES.

THE BLIND BUFFALO.—These animals, although numerous, are seldom seen by the travellers, and their strange peculiarity of running in a circle, is but little known. Old hunters who were with us when we happened to cross one, declared that it was the first they had ever seen, and their fright was as great as the most inexperienced among us, when the huge beast suddenly left his circle and dashed headlong toward us.

It was soon after commencing our afternoon travel, one warm day in August, that we discovered one of these singular creatures, directly in our path. When it first appeared we were much perplexed to determine what it could be, seeming in the distance no larger than a wolf or an antelope, yet being so deeply black we concluded it must be some other animal. As we approached, however, we soon distinguished the enormous hump and peculiar motion of the buffalo. Still we knew not how to account for the creature's running so continually in a circle, and we supposed it must be battling with wolves that were seeking to slay and devour it. Six of us rode forward, and when about two miles in advance of the caravan we were sufficiently near the buffalo to perceive that there was no other animal, small or large, in sight. We now slackened our pace and advanced slowly, wondering at the extraordinary fancy which seemed to have entered the huge noddle of this wild monarch of the wilderness.

We approached to within three or four hundred yards of the brute, and our surprise still increased at finding that it did not run from us, but all heedless of our presence kept on coursing and widening its circle. The curious sight caused much merriment among us, and cracking jokes upon the poor beast, we continued to advance, wondering how near his eminence would suffer us to approach before he would take to his heels. Our jests continued until within less than a hundred yards of the solitary old bull, and then our merriment was suddenly changed to utter consternation, for the beast made a quick pause in its circular race, gave the peculiar blow with its nostrils, and then, instead of taking to flight, as we anticipated, it broke from the circle and came running with full speed toward us, with its wild, fiendish looking head bent downward, ready to gore with its short, thick horns, any object in its path. Our little party, riding so compactly together, was instantly scattered far and wide, and the enraged beast, when it could no longer smell our presence, resumed its circle as before.

The old travellers who were with us, now remembered the stories they had heard of the blind buffalo, and it was very evident that the creature before us was in this condition, by which its singular conduct was accounted for. The animal was old, its meat was not good, we did not want its skin, and we were tired of the game of killing the poor beasts for mere sport; yet the wagons were advancing, and should the furious beast rush among the mules, great mischief might ensue; so that it became imperative upon us to kill the old blind bull in self-defence. This, however, we found to be a more difficult task than any we had yet undertaken in the way of hunting, for, though we could without danger, get sufficiently near the animal to strike it with our balls, yet its movements were so uncertain that a dozen shots were lodged in other parts of its body before we planted one in its liver, the most vulnerable spot about the buffalo, and that at which the arrow of the Indian, and the rifle of the American are always aimed. The thick blood gushed now from the bull's mouth, and we gathered near to see the poor brute die.

Weak, and choking with blood, it would pause an instant, start again and run a few steps, stagger, strike at the air with its horns, drop upon its fore knees, and then again rise and dash furiously at the hunter who had ventured nearest. This beast died harder than any that we had killed during the whole journey. It lived full half an hour after the blood spouted from its mouth, and would have lived longer, but that we determined to end its sufferings with another shot. A rifle was levelled at the spot directly beneath the shoulder blade, about four inches from the bone, and almost instantaneously with the report, the poor bull gave a short blow from its nostrils and fell, boring its horns into the ground and tearing up the earth in great fury. We dismounted to examine more nearly the sightless orbs of the beast. The head of no other creature that the writer ever saw, resembles so nearly the idea that we are apt to conceive of the devil. Short, thick, curling horns, almost hidden in masses of black wool; eyes that glare like balls of polished ebony, whose very want of expression excites fearful imaginings; and, added to this, the desolate region which is its habitation, where it seems neither to herd or have sympathy with any other creature of God's creation. The eyes of this old bull were not black, but white, and sightless, and issuing humors which seemed to us like tears. The poor beast lay upon its side, stretching out its limbs in death, and yielding its last sigh to the green prairie that it was leaving forever.

Two reasons are assigned for the bull buffalo's loss of sight; the cows are never seen in this condition. One need not be mentioned; the other is, that they are attacked in the night, when they stray alone, (which the bulls often do, but the cows never,) by the hungry wolves, and while defending themselves with their horns, their eyes are torn out by their ravenous assailants. When blind, it is only by accident that they can find their companions again; and their habit of running and gradually widening a circle, is probably its means of ascertaining how much ground it can pass over in safety, as were it to press forward any one direction, it might plunge into a river or a swamp. Its singularity of rushing at danger instead of from it, (so opposite to its conduct when possessed of sight,) probably arises from the influence of despair; not knowing which way to escape, it seeks at once to destroy its enemy.

THE INDIAN FORT.—On the American side of the Arkansas, in a swampy bottom overlooked by high limestone rocks, we came upon a grove of tall trees, some still erect, others prostrate, some broken and leaning against others, some splintered from top to root, and all white, barkless, blasted and dead. The tempest had evidently assisted time in hurrying on the work of desolation. The poor old trees stood like skeletons suddenly exposed to the air, looking as if the very sound of our steps would shake the crumbling branches down upon our heads. A singular awe crept over us while passing through this ghostly place, but sterner feelings took possession of our breasts when, in the very centre of the old grove, we discovered an Indian fort; a small apartment of about ten square feet, enclosed on three sides by rude walls, composed of trunks and fallen limbs of old rotten trees.—The fourth side was left open, but the place was roofed securely with shrubs and branches, some of which were still green, contrasting strangely with the mouldering logs over which they were piled and interweaved.

Here we were told slept the bones of four white men killed by a war party of fifteen Pawnee Indians. The four brave Americans were journeying to the States on foot from Fort William on the Arkansas, a distance of about four hundred miles, and the whole route lying over dreary and desolate prairies. They had with them a single horse to carry their bags of biscuit, their meat when they slaughtered a buffalo, and when the distance from creek to creek demanded it, also to transport wood sufficient to cook their lonely, melancholy meal. They had grown homesick living in the wilderness for years, and the four together had thus agreed to dare the dangerous journey for the sake of seeing once more their kindred and their friends. The fifteen savages were encamped at this fort in the grove when the Americans appeared, and the four unhappy victims were instantly attacked. One was instantly killed, the other three, by some ingenious stratagem, obtained possession of the fort. How this successful trick was played has never been ascertained, as the story has been derived from the Pawnees themselves, and upon this point they would give no satisfaction. But the Indians acknowledge that these three brave fellows took the fort and kept the fifteen assailants at bay for two days before the knife of the Pawnee touched their scalps. They placed their horse across the unprotected side of the fort, and from behind him two watched, with rifles cocked and levelled, every stump, log, tree, hollow, or nook where an Indian might conceal himself to fire at them, while the third peeped through the crevices among the logs, and guarded the fort from an attack in the rear. This was a wise precaution, for ere long an Indian approached with a blazing torch to fire the wooden rampart, and was instantly shot in the head by the watchful American. The Indians became intimidated by the sudden loss of their comrade, and withdrew to a distance for the night; but the besieged Americans were not aware of this, and with unceasing vigilance watched for their lives during the whole of that long, dreary night.

The next day the Indians were seen skulking at a distance, afraid to approach too near the fort. Horror now in a dozen dreadful shapes surrounded the unfortunate Americans. The stiff and bloody corpse of their slaughtered companion lay in the fort beside them; their biscuit bags and meat had been dropped in the confusion of the first attack, and they were now seen Tantalus like, lying within a few yards of the fort, the pangs of hunger and the fears of death, each perhaps in turn subduing the other, were keenly felt by the doomed men; and added to this they doubtless lingered in the horrifying conviction that escape was impossible.

At length an Indian succeeded, unperceived, in climbing a tree near the fort, from whence he fired and killed the horse. The Indians say that it was at the death of this poor animal that the Americans showed the first sign of intimidation, and when their horse fell they groaned aloud. Well they might, for even had the unfortunate wretches escaped the Indians, what a task was before them to travel hundreds of miles, exposed to all the dangers of the desert, without even the assistance of their poor horse.

The hunger and despair of the besieged men now aided the savages in completing their work of slaughter. Late in the day one of the Americans rushed madly out from the fort and endeavored to secure the lost food, but, as might have been expected, he was shot down while snatching at one of the biscuit bags. After this the two remaining men were seen by the Indians cutting the flesh from the dead horse, and tearing it raw in their teeth, and while thus employed, abandoning themselves as it seemed to utter despair, the miserable men were shot dead, and the scalps of the four victims were taken in triumph by the blood thirsty savages.

It is impossible in so small a space to do justice to such an incident, and much of the intense interest with which the writer listened to this story must necessarily be lost in so brief a relation.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

### The Prairie.

One of the most remarkable features in the Western country is, as almost every one knows, the extensive prairies with which the otherwise unbroken forests are frequently interspersed. To one unfamiliar with their appearance, these prairies present an aspect at once pleasing and peculiar. Their wide extent spreading out before the eye like the trackless ocean, the vast expanse occasionally broken by small clumps of trees, or reaches of timber extending like peninsulas from the distant forests—the land now perfectly level, now gently rolling like the swelling of the sea after a gale, and occasionally rising in sudden steps, or table-lands, whose expanse is unbroken by the smallest irregularity of the surface—the gay flowers with which it is bedecked in spring, and the long grass which gracefully waves over its plains in summer, render the prairie one of the most pleasing objects in nature.

In winter, however, its beauties are of the rougher kind, and arise chiefly from the feeling of exhilaration incident to its free and boundless extent. At this season of the year, large portions of its surface are generally blackened from the effects of fire; and in a wintry day, when the winds are coursing over its uninterrupted expanse, the prospect is dreary enough.

The grand prairie which extends between Little Rock and the old Post of Arkansas, is ninety-six miles in length and varies much in width. The road is excellent the whole distance, owing to the level nature of the ground. It is, however, merely a *track*, generally passed by horses, and not always easily distinguished by an inexperienced eye when the grass is at its fullest height. The soil is not generally considered as very fit for cultivation—consequently, there are only three or four houses on the road, from the commencement to nearly the end of the prairie.

One of the most beautiful and attractive objects that arrest the eye of the traveller in crossing the Grand Prairie, is the frequent occurrence of herds of deers, which will be seen on the edges of the islets of timber, awaiting with upraised heads and timid eyes the near approach of the horseman, when they will suddenly fly, with the speed of the wind for the protection of the distant forest.

The solitude of this wide expanse is enlivened, too, by many of the feathered tribe, who make it their place of abode. The solitary buzzard is there to be distinguished, perched on the bough of some gnarled oak, which stands far from its brethren of the forest, extending its naked arms to the pelting of the storm. Flocks of wild geese and turkeys give forth their discordant cries from the plains, and the bear and the wolf roam unmolested among its tangled grass.

Yet is the prairie the proper theatre for that expansion of mind which gives to man the true independence of his character—that noble feeling of self-reliance which is worth more than all the gifts of fortune.

Praise be to the God who made us, for the faculty he has implanted in man's breast to rise superior to the pressure of circumstances! The strength, the elasticity, the buoyancy or spirit possessed by the human mind, is its greatest shield and protector against the assaults of the world. Though the shaft of calumny be pointed against the breast—though friends (as they always do) prove false, treacherous, fickle, and deceitful—though fortune frown, and men look strange and distrustful—still is the godlike face of nature ever open with its winning smile to the sons of man. Her plains are spread for the footsteps of ALL.—For ALL, her breezes blow, her gentle rains descend, her fountains are unlocked! Communing with nature, and through her with nature's God, how contemptible appear the pursuits which engross our daily care! How miserably weak the hopes, the fears, the ambition, the tricks and practices of a knavish world!

It is on the bosom of the wide prairie that the heart expands. The fetters of daily care are rent asunder. In the holy solitude of nature, we commune with that which looks with scorn upon the petty toils of artificial life. We revive to the existence of patriarchal simplicity. The true dignity of man asserts itself. The soul swells to its glorious supremacy.—*Picayune.*

ACCIDENT AND LOSS OF LIFE.—On Wednesday, the 1st inst. a yawl, on which there were a number of persons on its return from accompanying the British Queen down the Bay at New York, was capsized, and two of the number in it drowned.

FIRE.—A new brick dwelling house, not quite finished, situate on Hill street, Lexington, Ky. was destroyed by fire about one o'clock on the 27th

# Saturday Evening Post.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1840.

☞ THE POST [illegible], under its present editors and proprietors, shall be peculiarly fitted for the *family perusal*. It shall not contain one paragraph, with the spirit of which a father would not wish to have his daughter familiar. It shall never call the blush to the cheek of innocence, or furnish material for the growth of a vicious thought.—With this view, it will ever be firmly, and studiously, OPPOSED TO THEATRES, as things calculated to injure the healthy action of an honest mind—as creative of exhibitions demoralizing in tendency, and fearfully pernicious in fact.

### Our Offers.

☞ FIVE DOLLARS *in advance* remitted to this office, *free of postage*, will pay for the Saturday Evening Post for three years: or for one copy of the Philadelphia Casket and *two* of the Post for one year.

☞ SEVEN DOLLARS, *in advance*, will pay for two copies of the Post, and *two* of the Casket for one year.

☞ TEN DOLLARS, *in advance*, will be received for three copies of the Casket and two of the Post for one year.

☞ THE PHILADELPHIA CASKET is made up of *entirely original articles*, with rich *engravings*, and *highly colored fashions*. It is printed on a beautiful and silvery type, entirely different from that of the Post, and constitutes an ornament for the centre table, and an agreeable parlour companion.

☞ Let friends and neighbors, who want entertaining literature cheap, club together, select the best bank-note that they can find, and *remit it by mail*, POSTAGE FREE, to this office. We shall promptly redeem our promises by forwarding the works to their address. tf

### NOTICE.

The subscriber having disposed of his entire interest in the Saturday Evening Post, withdraws from the establishment from this date, in order to devote himself solely to the publishing and conducting of a daily paper, for which habit, rather than inclination has fitted him. His regret at leaving the Post, is much softened by the reflection that he leaves it in talented and industrious hands, and in a state of prosperity unparalleled as it was unexpected.

JOHN S. DU SOLLE.

MARCH 21st, 1840. 3t.

The subscribers having become by Purchase the proprietors of the entire establishment of the Saturday Evening Post, intend, without deviating from the course of the paper, under the recent proprietors, to make it in every respect, worthy of patronage. The business will hereafter be conducted under the firm of G. R. Graham & Co.

GEO. R. GRAHAM,
CHAS. J. PETERSON.

APRIL 4th, 1840. 3t.

### SHALL WE HAVE WAR?

The late correspondence between Messrs. Forsyth and Fox, and the warmth of feeling displayed in the communications of the two diplomatists has awakened the country from its apathy respecting the long agitated Boundary Question, and convinced all that if War is not inevitable, it is at least highly problematical. With their usual heat, however, a portion of the press has outstripped the emergency, and—to credit their assertions—every hope of peace has already fled. But a calm review of the facts of the case will convince every unprejudiced mind to the contrary; and that we may be borne out by the testimony, we shall cast a rapid glance over the present aspect of this question.

The treaty of 1785, left the boundary line between New Brunswick and the United States unsettled. Although various attempts have been made, at different periods, by both the British government and our own, to have the line run satisfactorily to both parties, thy have as yet met with continued disappointment. The two nations at length seemed to waive the matter by mutual consent. Nothing was done on either side. But when the rebellion in the Canadas burst forth, and Britain appeared to be upon the point of having those colonies snatched from her grasp, the boundary line became suddenly a question of commanding interest. If run west of the Aroostook, a road would be opened from Halifax and New Brunswick, through which reinforcements might be poured in upon the revolted provinces to any amount: if run east of that river, there would be no direct communication between St. John's and Quebec, and consequently no aid could be afforded from the former to the latter, unless by the circuitous route of the St. Lawrence. The advantages of the former, in a military point of view, any one will instantly perceive. Still the British government paused to avail themselves of this route. On the one hand was the fear of losing the Canadas in the event of another rupture: on the other, the no less prominent danger of provoking a war with the United States. In this dilemma chance came to their aid. A few wood-cutters made an incursion on the disputed territory and began cutting logs. The rest is well known. Maine instantly assumed a hostile attitude—the debated ground was cleared of the intruders by her militia, and the two nations found themselves, before they well knew how, upon the verge of a rupture.

The correspondence that ensued is too recent to be forgotten. The British cabinet vied with our own in expressions of amity, and the good sense of the body of the people in both empires seconded the wish for peace. A compromise was effected between the two governments—the troops of each were severally withdrawn from the disputed territory—and the adjustment of the boundary line mutually left by both parties to Colonels Mudge and Featherstonaugh. For nearly a year the matter has rested at this point.

During this period, however, the conduct of the two nations has been widely dissimilar. While the national government, on our part, has left the frontier in its old unguarded state, and made few, if any, preparations for war,—and while the conduct of Maine has been wholly disavowed, so far as it was hostile to the letter and spirit of the compromise—the British cabinet, on the other hand, has kept up a constant watchfulness, repaired and provisioned her forts, erected new ones in advantageous positions, and silently but steadily increased her forces in the Provinces until they now number, at least twenty thousand effective men. These hostile demonstrations have at last reached a pitch calling for the interposition of our government, betraying as they do a feverish anxiety on the part of Britain to avail herself of our unprotected state. This has induced the late correspondence, the purport of which we laid last week before our readers.

Nor has this been all. The efforts of a nation to strengthen her possessions, as long as they are merely defensive, cannot be reprehended—though they may awaken jealousy in her neighbors; but when these efforts assume an offensive character, and are used to incite savages to warfare, it becomes the right, aye! the sacred duty of all honest men, to speak out:—and if the correspondence lately intercepted near Detroit, betrays—as it is said on good authority to do—the intrigues of England to stir up an Indian war along our frontier, there is but one course left for us, be our creed or principles what they may. The people who are so lost to all sense of humanity as to let loose the relentless savages upon Christian brethren—the people who are willing, in an age like this, to add to the horrors of war by inciting the brutal murder of unprotected females and children—the people who, boasting of Christian light, and a high standard of morality, shall yet seek the ferocious Indians for allies, and sanction their horrid rites and indiscriminate butchery, would stop at no other act however base; pause at no breach of faith; and wake up a servile insurrection, or desolate a frontier in time of peace, with the same cold-blooded ruthlessness. But we cannot believe it. We cannot think that the men of England are so lost to all sense of humanity, or that the members of the British cabinet are bold enough to stoop to such an act. History—if so,—would write their condemnation in letters of fire.

These facts have much in them to make a war probable, but nothing to make it inevitable. If the two nations desire to maintain peace, no power short of that of the people can prevent it.

We do not wish war. England does not wish it—America does not wish it—the civilized world does not wish it. A contention betwixt us and Britain, if protracted, would eventually stir up a general continental war; and the powers of the old world have not yet recovered sufficiently from the havoc of the last one to wish a repetition. Oceans of blood might be shed—and for what? Commerce would be shattered; industry paled at home and abroad; treasures poured out like water—and for what? Because the negotiators of two nations lost their temper, and the people blindly followed wherever their leaders halloed them on.

We see but one contingency in which war might be inevitable. Should Colonels Mudge and Featherstonaugh report in favor of the line demanded by the British government, depriving us of the whole of the disputed territory, we feel convinced from the tone of our government, but more especially from the temper of our people, that a contest must ensue. But we do trust that even in that contingency another effort shall be made by the President, and the interposition of some neutral power asked for, to arbitrate the difficulties. Such a course would show that the greatest republic in the world is as much disposed toward peace as the most humble. History would say it was not fear, it was humanity which governed her people.

We close by referring to an article in another column in which the right of the United States to the disputed territory, and the danger of being led away from the question, by the difficulties respecting the agreement of last year, are clearly set forth.

### Steam Music.

Our readers will find an excellent article from the pen of the facetious Ollapod on the fourth page of our paper of to-day. It goes to prove the probability, and moreover, the certainty of Steam Music, and gives a hasty glance into the next century when steam cars shall ascend perpendicularly, and be stopped in mid air in case of accident; together with a prelude to the style of music, which may be expected to be all the rage at that era. If we except the proper hit at the ferocious style of editorial writing, there is nothing in the whole article more pleasing and true than the cut-decided made at museum music. Really it has become a drug of late, and the friends of the science are becoming disgusted with the humbug practised to deceive the public. Ingenuity appears to have been upon the rack of invention for a short time past, to devise something, and from the performer on the "Penny Whistle," to the "Manufactured Russell," the march has been so rapid, that a trumpeter who boasts the acquaintance of Paganini and several of the distinguished, and who lost his breath recently in the attempt to make a noise in the world;" has *positively* been engaged," to out-blow old Boreas himself, for the especial purpose of raising the wind. He will be brought out shortly with a flourish of trumpets, when we shall notice his merits more fully, as well as give a short summary of his sojourn in *Europe*? together with sundry other matters pertaining to musical humbugs generally.

## POSTSCRIPT

*In advance of all the other Weeklies!*

### LATEST NEWS.

By London and Paris papers, brought by the St. Lawrence, from Liverpool, (a transient ship,) and the Albany, packet ship from Havre, we have the following news:

The failure of the State of Pennsylvania to pay the interest on the State Loan at the time it fell due, was known in London, and produced, as you may suppose, no very friendly comments from the press. Fortunately, twenty-four hours afterward, the Rochester arrived from this port with accounts of the arrangements made for its payments, and somewhat arrested the unfavorable effect of the first accounts. Money was abundant in London, and Exchequer Bills were selling at an increased premium. The quarterly return of the Bank of England, shows the amount of bullion held by that institution was believed to be about £4,500,000.

One of the papers contains the particulars of the British expedition against Canton. They have already sailed for that port, or about to sail, four seventy-fours, two large steamers, and a great number of frigates and sloops of war. The number of men on board from 12 to 15,000.

No foreign or domestic marine intelligence of importance.

### Emigration toward Arkansas and the Pacific.

The tide of emigration is evidently setting in toward Arkansas very strong. Within the last few weeks, says the Helena Gazette of a late date, our town has been thronged with emigrants who are arriving, to settle in the country. There is an abundance of rich land, and every inducement to invite strangers. We notice the Arkansas papers begin to talk about annexing the province of California to the Western Territory. The next news we shall hear it may be, will be that a company has formed to go out and establish a colony on the Gulf of California. The best harbors on the Pacific are found in the Peninsula of California while the amenity of the climate and the richness of the soil is not surpassed by the garden spots of the earth. In natural advantages, even Texas, with all its boasted agricultural facilities, would not compare with the regions round about California. It is the Paradise of North America. The possession of the country is nominally in Mexico. The territory, however, is unoccupied, and in a wild state, with the exception of a few small settlements separated by remote distance. There, then, is the finest country on the globe, open to the first occupants. We should not be surprised soon to hear of our adventurous pioneers in the west moving to that remote quarter. It is not much farther off than Texas used to be, when the first settlement of the young Republic was made.

A Yankee colony then would be a great acquisition to Mexico if the Government were disposed to receive them kindly. At any rate the point is so distant from the settled provinces of Mexico, that the intruders remain safe from molestation. Mexico is too busy in keeping her own unruly population in subjection to find time to be troubling herself about a small American settlement, in a remote corner of her dominions. The fact is becoming quite obvious, that Mexico cannot long retain a hold of her unwieldy domain. Great Britain or France will ere long be stretching her hands toward California, if we do not. The plan of a colony on the Gulf, we think, is not a bad one. Like the colony planted in Texas twenty years ago, it would prove to be a prolific germ, that would grow rapidly, and soon expand into a flourishing and powerful republic. The time has not perhaps quite arrived for the accomplishment of the scheme, but the day cannot be far off when Anglo-Saxon settlements will be seen planted on the shores of the Pacific. The Mexicans will never muster enterprise and industry enough to settle and subdue the country. To a harder and more civilized race will belong to the glory of founding an empire of Federal Republican States along the Pacific coast, extending from the extremity of California to the boundary of the Oregon Territory.—*N. O. Bulletin.*

CONSUL TRIST.—Consul Trist, late of Havana, has arrived at Washington in obedience to a mandate from the Supreme Court of the United States.

## CITY NEWS.

MAGNANIMITY.—In the Court of Common Pleas for the city of Philadelphia, during the present term, an action was brought by an individual, to annul or invalidate the last will and testament of one H. Kirby, deceased; in which, he devised to Dr. S. Jackson all his real estate, which has been valued at $70,000, assigning as a reason, that the said Dr. had ever been extremely attentive to him, and manifested much solicitude for his welfare.

The said devisor has also willed to G. Wharton, Esq. the sum of $500 for his attention, and the able manner in which he never failed to conduct his business. These two professional gentlemen, who no doubt could have maintained their claim and right to the said property thus devised, nobly came forward, and renounced all claim to the property, either real or personal, that had been made over to them. His Honor, Judge Jones, commented elegantly and eloquently upon the conduct of these individuals; and observed, that in these times, to witness such deportment, certainly was the greatest eulogy and commendation that could be bestowed upon them; and would it not be a beautiful theme, were we enabled to reflect upon more of a similar character. This is a subject upon which the philanthropist can find ample means to speculate.

POISONING.—A child of George W. Goines, barber, in Exchange street, aged two and a half years, died on Wednesday morning, about 5 o'clock, from a singular illness with which it had been seized, soon after eating a portion of a custard that was given to it by a colored woman employed in the family as a cook. Another child, and a child's nurse, who likewise partook of the custard, were taken ill at the same time, and have continued so ever since. It is thought, though, that they will recover. The custard was purchased somewhere, and brought to the house by the cook. When questioned concerning the matter, her conduct excited so much suspicion, as to induce the family to have her arrested. Her name is Harriet Aiken, and she is now in custody at the Mayor's office. A post mortem examination of the body of the child, was made on Wednesday, by Drs. Rush and Tucker, the result of which was to induce the belief that poison of some kind had been received into the stomach. The circumstances so far go strongly to show that something foul has been perpetrated.

A WRECK.—On Saturday evening the barque Oceola arrived at this city a complete wreck. There was nothing standing upon her deck but a jury mast, some splintered remains of the mainmast and a stump of the mizen. The jury mast is rigged down the forecastle hatchway, and that, together with a mainsail attached to the remains of the mizenmast, were the only means by which she was worked into port. She is almost a new vessel. On the 26th of March, latitude 35 N. and longitude 73 W. (at the eastern edge of the Gulf Stream) the vessel experienced a severe hurricane from N. N. W. which threw the ship on her beam ends, and compelled Captain Whipple to cut away her masts.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—Early on Monday morning, between twelve and one o'clock, as the mail was descending Broad street from Market toward Arch street, Elwood Yerkes, who was sitting with the driver, reached out and seized the break handle with a view of checking the cars. The handle had come loose, and the young man pitched forward and fell upon the rail. Six of the car wheels passed over him and severed his head from his body. The deceased was between eighteen and nineteen years of age, the eldest son of Mr. Harman Yerkes, long known as an agent of the railroad and stage lines.

PHILADELPHIA MECHANICS.—We scarcely ever open a paper containing an account of railroad openings or proceedings, in which honorable mention is not made or the skill of Philadelphia machinists. On the Wilmington and Raleigh Rail Road, which has just been opened, engines built at the establishments of Messrs. Baldwin, Vail & Hufty, and of Mr. Norris, are in operation. This company has some English engines on the line, but bringing engines from England now resembles carrying coals to New Castle.

PRAISEWORTHY.—On Tuesday afternoon, about 5 o'clock, a lad, son of Mr. William P. Attmore, fell from one of the wharves on the Schuylkill, near Fairmount, into the river, and would have drowned but for the daring and praiseworthy intrepidity of a laborer, named Fredrick Morgan, who plunged in and rescued him after he had twice sunk. The lad, though nearly exhausted when saved, is now doing well.

THE STEAM FRIGATE.—The frame of this noble vessel is now complete. Her deck beams and other timbers are ready and the planking of her sides commenced. Some delay has been occasioned by a want of plank. An arrival, however, is daily expected from one of the other yards. The planking then will be rapidly finished, and her decks immediately laid. There are employed at present upon the vessel about one hundred men, including mechanics and laborers.

ROBBERY.—The cabin of the schooner Mary Ellen, just arrived from Norfolk, lying in the Delaware, between South street and the Navy Yard, was entered on Saturday morning last, and the chest of Captain Prime robbed of between two and three hundred dollars. A reward of $25 for the recovery of the money and the detection and conviction of the thief, is offered.

AN OURANG OUTANG DEAD.—A female ourang outang died a few days since in this city with all the symptoms of pulmonary consumption, which were confirmed by a post mortem examination since made. The result of this investigation also presented the fact of a near comparison of all the internal organs to those of a female human being.

FINE ARTS.—The Artist's Fund Society are making arrangements for their Fifth Annual Exhibition. The members of this Association are among the most distinguished artists of Philadelphia, and the objects of the Society are to advance the interests of the Fine Arts, and extend and improve the taste for painting.

EDITORIAL CHANGE.—Mr. Bruce has left the conduct of the "North American," and Col. C. G. Childs takes his place. The North American, although a political paper, is a good one, and Col. Childs is an indefatigable editor. He will attend to the commercial department.

CORONER'S INQUEST.—A colored man named Henry Johnson, aged 35 years, was found dead in Burns' Court, Southwark, on Monday. He was dressed in the clothing worn by the inmates of the Alms House. The cause of his death was unknown.

ANOTHER STEAM FRIGATE.—We understand that enquiries have been made by the Navy Department of the practicability and probable expense of razeeing and altering the frigate Raritan, now on the stocks at our Navy Yard, in order to place a steam engine on board of her.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT.—We regret to learn that Mr. Benjamin Matthias, of the Saturday Chronicle, was thrown from a vehicle on Monday afternoon and received a contusion of the head and ribs. It is hoped that his injuries are not very serious.

BARGES.—The first barges from New York, via Delaware and Raritan Canal, arrived on Saturday.

CHARGE OF FORGERY.—A merchant in New York named Thomas Wood, Jr., was held to bail on Saturday last, on a charge of forgery, in having erased or altered the endorsement on certain entries of goods imported by him in the custom house.

LABORERS' REVOLT.—The laborers on the Croton Aqueduct, to the number of three hundred, turned out for wages on last Saturday, armed themselves with clubs, and drove off all who were disposed to continue peaceably in the business.

STRAWBERRIES.—Strawberries were selling in the new Orleans market on the 17th ult. at a bit (twelve and a half cents) a piece.

## POLITICAL OCCURRENCES.

APPOINTMENTS BY THE PRESIDENT, by and with the *advice and consent of the Senate.*—Francis S. Beattie, Collector of the Customs at St. Marks, Florida, vice Ambrose Crane, removed.

Richard Whitting, register of the Land Office at Tuscaloosa, Alabama, vice Patrick Redmond, resigned.

E. A. F. Lavallette (formerly Vallette) to be a Captain in the Navy from the 23d of February, 1840.

Joshua R. Sands to be a Commander from the 23d of February, 1840.

H. J. Hartstene to be a Lieutenant from the 23d of February, 1840.

Benjamin F. Sands to be a Lieutenant from the 16th of March, 1840.

APPOINTMENTS BY THE GOVERNOR.—Isaac W. Norris, George Handy, Abraham P. Eyre, Joseph A. Evans, James M. Linnard, and John J. Krider, Esqrs. to be assistant wardens of the port of Philadelphia.

STATE ELECTIONS.—The following elections take place during this month:

Connecticut, 1st Monday in April; Rhode Island, 1st Wednesday in April; Virginia, 4th Thursday in April. The election in Louisiana is on the first Monday of July. Eight states vote in August, two in September, eight in October, and four in November.

CONNECTICUT ELECTION.—The whigs, at the election on Monday last, carried Connecticut by a majority of probably 3500. The whig majority in the State last year, on Governor's ticket, was 2544; in 1838, 5667; in 1837, 2297; Presidential election in 1836, Van Buren majority 542. Sixteen Senators out of 18 heard from are whigs. There are 21 in all. The House of Representatives will also comprise a large majority of whigs. The majority on the Governor's ticket, as far as heard from, is 3692.

CONSUL AT TRINIDAD.—Hiram P. Hastings, of New York, has been appointed American Consul at Trinidad de Cuba.

BANK BILL.—Governor Porter has signed the Bank Bill, which is therefore a law.

The LEGISLATURE OF LOUISIANA adjourned on the 28th ult.

### Foreign Extracts.

A LA PRINCE ALBERT.—Every thing in England now is "a la Prince Albert," from locomotive steam engines down to mouse traps and penny whistles. In the window of a cheap dirty cook shop, in the vicinity of Whitechapel Church, is a paper displayed, setting forth that "Halbert soup tuppence hapenny a pint" may be had within. In one of those bye streets, running from Houndsditch to Petticoat lane, an enterprising sugar-plum and bull's eye manufacturer advertises "Albert lollypops two a penny," and in the Bethnal green road, one Jeremiah Riggs, a poetical barber, exhibits a flaming placard in his window, surmounted by the royal arms, with the following choice and important announcement: "Gentlemen's hare cut and dressed a la Albert; only tuppence; ladies ditto a la Reine, 3d. The best Albert hare ile only 6d a bottle."

SILK MANUFACTURE IN FRANCE.—According to a recent statistical statement, there are in France 84,694 looms, producing annually a value in silks of f211,540,000, (or $40,000,000.) These looms give occupation to 169,380 workmen, and employ f130,623,330 of silk, ($26,118,000.) The price of work is f70,926,670, ($19,200,000)—or about f300, ($56 25) for each workman. The profit and interest of the capital employed is f21,000,000.

The manufacturers of Lyons alone occupy 40,000 looms and employ 80,000 workmen. They produce 100 millions of francs, (near $20,000,000.) The home consumption of France in silks is 73 millions of francs, ($14,000,000,) and the exportation is f139,550,000, ($26,000,000.)

GIN.—We have more than once referred to the splendid palaces in London yclept *Gin Shops*—where that species of poisonous drink is served out to men, women and children, in a style of elegance which is highly attractive. According to a late estimate, no less a sum than £2,500,000 is every year expended in gin, in the metropolis of Great Britain! This sum, if laid out in food and raiment, would have conduced greatly to the health and happiness of thousands.

LITERARY ADVANCES IN THE EAST.—There is now a weekly paper published in the Bengalee tongue. Another in Hindoostanee has been projected, and there is a third in English, Bengalee and Persian. The whole, or portions of the Bible may now be read in almost any dialect of the Indian peninsula. This is certainly a grateful thought, and one that must delight the heart of every philanthropist.

MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.—Count Demidoff, the richest Russian subject, and possessor of the celebrated silver and platina mines in the Siberia, is now in London, where he has just completed arrangements for an alliance with the Princess Louisa, the beautiful daughter of the Prince Jerome Bonaparte.

FORGING A DEATH.—A young man Perth was recently sentenced to ten days' imprisonment for having sent a forged death to one of the newspapers there; the Sheriff, in passing sentence said he had no doubt it was in indictable offence.

### Anecdote of Mr. Superintendant Elliott.

Some six or seven years ago, a British man of war arrived at China, the captain of which went on shore, not dressed in his uniform, but as a common sailor. He mounted a horse, and fell in with a Chinese procession, through which he repeatedly passed and re-passed, to the great annoyance of the Chinese, who at first bore the interruption patiently, but on his continuing to annoy them, they warned him, that if he again did so they would take him into custody. Notwithstanding this caution, the captain again attempted to force his way through the procession, when he was arrested and thrown into prison, from whence he sent a note to his first lieutenant, with orders to bring up the ship abreast of the town, to open her ports and demand his release, and that if the demand was not instantly complied with, to fire upon and destroy the town. The Chinese released the Captain, but told him that they did not do so from any fear of what his ship or his country could do to them, but solely to prevent the effusion of blood and loss of life, that they considered his conduct that of a madman who merited punishment; that if the ship fired one shot they would instantly put him to death, and concluded by ordering him to leave the harbor with his vessel. The captain alluded to was the Captain Elliott now at China.

INDIAN ANECDOTE.—John Sequashquash, an Indian of the remnant of a tribe in Connecticut, was some years since brought before a justice of the peace on some charge or other which we do not now recollect. John happended to be drunk at the time, and instead of answering the question of the Justice, merely muttered out, "Your Honor is very wise—y-y-y-your Honor is v-very wise I say."

Being unable to get any other answer from him, the Justice ordered him to be locked up till the next day; when John was brought before him perfectly sober.

"Why, John, said the Justice, "you were as drunk as a beast last night."

"Drunk" ejaculated the Indian.

"Yes, drunk as a beast. When I asked you any question, the only answer you made was, your Honor's very wise—very wise—wise."

"Did I call your Honor *wise!?*" said the Indian with a look of incredulity.

"Yes," answered the Magistrate.

"Then," replied John, "I must have been drunk sure enough."

A VILLAIN.—The Boston Zion's Herald cautions the public against an insinuating scamp, a saddler and harness maker, by the name of Chas. Marchetti, who has married two or three women, all of whom are living, and after remaining with them long enough to possess himself of their valuables, inhumanly deserted them.

## BOUNDARY QUESTION.

From the Madisonian.

### NORTHEASTERN BOUNDARY.

*Brief Statement of Facts respecting the Line.*

In bounding the United States, the treaty of 1783 begins at the northwest angle of Nova Scotia, meaning that angle made by a line drawn due north from the head waters of St. Croix River to the highlands which divide the rivers that run into the St. Lawrence from those that fall into the sea, thence along said highlands, to the westernmost head of Connecticut River, &c.

There being no monument at the northwest angle of Nova Scotia, it becomes necessary to find it by running out these lines.

We have agreed upon the head waters of the St. Croix and set up a monument, about which there is now no dispute. All that remains to be done is to run a due north line thence to the ridge of the highlands which divide the waters as described in the treaty, and there is the northwest angle of Nova Scotia.

That there are such highlands, so dividing the waters every body knows who has bestowed a thought upon the face of the country. Every map shows it. It is easy to run a north line, and yet Great Britain refuses to do it.

The history of this line is easily traced, and it can be proved beyond a question that the northwest angle of Nova Scotia was as well known as any spot could be, where there is no monument, long before the making of the treaty, and hence it was selected as a starting point; it having been established by the British authorities.

In 1621 the King granted to Sir William Alexander, Nova Scotia, which included New Brunswick. The charter bounds the west line, beginning at the extreme west point of Nova Scotia, now Cape Sable; thence across the mouth of a great inlet of the sea, now Bay of Fundy, to the mouth of the River St. Croix; thence up that river, to the head waters of the same, and thence in a north line to the great River of Canada, now the St. Lawrence. Thus Nova Scotia came to the St. Lawrence, and the northwest angle was on the bank, and the colony bounded north by the river. Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont were alike bounded on the north by the river, and the Canadas, then held by the French, on the south by it. Thus matters stood till 1763, when Great Britain conquered Canada, and it was ceded to her by France.

In that year the King issued his proclamation organizing a government in Canada, and bounding the territory, in which he moved the south line of that province from the river to the highlands south, thus taking the whole valley of the river into that province, and cutting off a large territory from Nova Scotia, Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont. Some of the provinces objected to this, but without effect. Thus the northwest angle of Nova Scotia was taken from the river and placed on the highlands, which are described in the proclamation as they are in the treaty of 1783, to be the highlands which divide the waters which run into the St. Lawrence from those which fall into the sea.

These boundaries were established in 1774 by act of Parliament. They were also recognised in every commission of the Governors of the several Provinces, who have presided over them from that day to this. The west line of Nova Scotia, (now New Brunswick,) is in all official papers, and upon all maps, a line due north from the St. Croix to the highlands, and the northwest angle of Nova Scotia is the point of intersection of these lines.

Thus it is plain that the provincial west line of Nova Scotia has been well known since 1621, and steadily adhered to by Great Britain on all occasions where she speaks of it or describes it.

It is equally clear that she has never assigned but one south line to Canada, and that is along the highlands which divide the rivers which run into the St. Lawrence from those which fall into the sea.

It will be equally plain, on looking into the treaty of 1783, that these lines were then adopted and established, as they had existed from 1763, and as nearly by the language which had been employed hitherto to describe them as it was possible to make it.

We have already adverted to the treaty in describing the northwest angle of Nova Scotia as the starting point for the line along the highlands. The east line of the United States and west line of New Brunswick is equally identical. The treaty says, east by a line from the mouth of St. Croix in the Bay of Fundy to the head waters thereof; and thence due north, to the aforesaid highlands, which divide the rivers which run into the St. Lawrence from those which fall into the sea.

No truth can be more apparent than that the northwest angle of Nova Scotia is on the ridge of highlands which divide these waters, and at the point where the west line of New Brunswick and south line of Canada intersect.

Nor can any truth be more obvious than that the treaty lines and the colonial lines are at this point the same, and hence it is assumed in the treaty that the northwest angle is a well known point. Nor can anything be more certain than that there is but one range of highlands which can by possibility divide such waters.

It is equally certain that the highlands dividing these waters exist, and that a line due north from the monument can be run, and will fall upon them, and reach a point answering exactly to the treaty.

Great Britain contends, first, that there are no highlands so dividing the waters, because the rivers running toward the Atlantic, all fall into bays of the sea instead of the sea itself. She thus contends, that a river running through a bay into the sea does not fall into the sea—and that bays are not parts of the sea. Bays are, however, only parts of the great sea which have had names assigned to them, and are not the less a portion of the sea because of these names. It might as well be said the Gulf of Mexico is no part of the sea. Besides, it is agreed that the commissioners who made the treaty had before them Mitchell's map of this part of the country—on which all the rivers are laid down as running through bays—which proves, conclusively, that in speaking of rivers falling into the sea, they meant those flowing through bays, and could mean no others.

Then, again, Great Britain has concluded that by highlands, is meant mountains—while the treaty only requires land high enough to divide the waters. But in truth, the general range is elevated, as has been ascertained, over 2000 feet above the sea.

We are, at this moment, in danger *of falling into a controversy about an agreement made last year, about the occupancy of what is called the disputed Territory.* Let us take care that attention is not diverted from the true question by this unimportant matter. We should hold firmly to the treaty, and the line described in it, for Great Britain can never put us in the wrong here. Our right is clear—strong—decisive. It is easily understood by the most careless observer, and there is no possibility of mystifying it, or rendering it doubtful.

THE NORTHEASTERN BOUNDARY.—It is intimated that the committee on foreign relations will recommend nothing respecting the Maine boundary dispute until some communications are made directly from the British Government.

MILITARY MOVEMENT.—Brigadier Gen. Eustis has received orders to take command of the United States troops stationed at Houlton, Maine. The force under his command will not exceed four hundred and fifty men.

MILITARY PREPARATIONS ON THE NORTHERN FRONTIER.—In compliance with a resolution of the Senate passed some time ago, Gen. Scott has sent a communication to that body containing important information concerning the British fortifications on the Northern frontier and the troops, at present in the province. In speaking of the latter he says that Great Britain, besides numerous corps of well organized and well instructed militia, has at this time, within her North American provinces, more than 20,000 of her best regular troops. The whole of these forces might be brought to the verge of our territory in a few days. Two thirds of that regular force has arrived since the spring of 1838.

### Twenty-sixth Congress.—First Session.

APRIL 2, 1840.

SENATE.—The morning business was mostly of a private character.

The subject which was before the Senate yesterday on the amendment named by Mr. Clay, of Ala. to relinquish the Cumberland road to the States through which it passes, with the two per cent. fund, was again called up.

HOUSE.—Nothing of importance done.

APRIL 3, 1840.

SENATE.—Petitions were presented by several Senators in favor of a general Bankrupt Law.

The amendment of Mr. Clay, of Ala. relinquishing the road and the two per cent. fund, was rejected, 26 to 18.

An amendment, requiring the proposed appropriation of $430,000 to $225,000, was carried by a vote of 23 to 17.

The Senate adjourned until Monday next.

HOUSE.—The printing of the reports of the majority and the minority were both ordered, with very few dissentients. All the testimony received was also ordered to be printed, with additional depositions.

The most of the day was devoted to private bills.

APRIL 4, 1840.

HOUSE.—The House adopted a resolution making the Appropriation Bill for the support of the Civil and Diplomatic expenses of the Government the special order of the day for every day from and after Wednesday next.

The House Committees then made their reports.

APRIL 6, 1840.

SENATE.—Numerous petitions for a Bankrupt, and other laws, were presented.

Mr. Benton called up a Bill from the committee on military affairs, introduced by him on the fifth of February. It authorises the President of the United States to raise 1500 men to serve against the Florida Indians.

The bill was ordered to be engrossed without an opposing voice. Some unimportant amendments were adopted.

HOUSE.—This day being set apart for the presentation of resolutions not giving rise to debate, a large number were presented.

APRIL 7, 1840.

SENATE.—The Hon. T. Betts, Senator from Connecticut is no more. At half past twelve Mr. Perry Smith rose and announced the death of the deceased.

Mr. Davis, of Mass. offered the customary resolutions, and on motion the Senate then adjourned.

HOUSE.—A message was received from the Senate, before one o'clock, by the Secretary, Mr. Dickens.

Mr. Thomas C. Osborne, of the Connecticut delegation, arose and announced the death of Mr. Betts. The usual resolutions were adopted, and the House adjourned.

Mr. Hand, of New York, this morning offered a resolution calling upon the Secretary of war for a plan of defence for the States on the Northern Frontier. Mr. H. stated that the Secretary of War had such a report in preparation, and would communicate it if called for.

The resolution was not adopted, however, in consequence of the message from the Senate.

### Pennsylvania Legislature.

HARRISBURG, APRIL 2, 1840.

Nothing but wordy debates in either house to-day.

APRIL 3, 1840.

SENATE.—The resolution instructing our Senators and Members of Congress to use their exertions for a protective Tariff, was adopted, yeas 16, nays 11. The bill authorising and allowing the Banks to issue small notes was ordered to be transcribed for a third reading.

HOUSE.—The amendments made by Senate to the bill relative to Notaries Public, was considered, and a motion to non-concur was agreed to, yeas 48, nays 34. This amendment provided that they should be elected by the people. The Bank Bill was again taken up, and passed finally—yeas 68, nays 16. The House then took up the Improvement Bill, and being amended so as to strike out the provisions relative to the loan to the State by the Banks, and reducing some of the items of appropriation, it passed through Committee of the Whole, and then postponed until to-morrow.

APRIL 4, 1840.

HOUSE.—The resolution for the sale of the Bank Stock, &c. Motive Power, &c. owned by the State, was taken up. In the discussion that followed Mr. McElwee, made some violent remarks upon Mr. Hegins, which were replied to in the same manner. This produced a disgraceful personal altercation between the two members; which was finally disposed of by the appointment of a committee of investigation.

SENATE.—Resolutions were passed in reference to a protective Tariff, and the public domain. The bill for the issue of small notes, finally passed by the following vote—yeas 16, nays 13.

APRIL 6, 1840.

SENATE.—The bill relative to Notary's Public, was considered, and the Senate insisted upon its amendments, providing for their election by the people, which was non-concurred in by the House.

The bill to extend for twenty years the charter of the Miners' Bank, at Pottsville; the bill from the House for the better securing the payment of ground rent; the bill to incorporate the German Convention, for promoting the education of the German population, were passed.

HOUSE.—The most of the morning session was taken up with bills for the settlement of private claims against the Commonwealth.

The House adhered to its non-concurrence in the amendment of the Senate to the Notary's Public bill, and Messrs. Broadhead, Fisher and Helffenstein, were appointed a Committee of Conference.

APRIL 7, 1840.

HOUSE.—The bill authorising the Governor to borrow the sum of $800,000, to defray the current expenses of the Government was taken up and passed.

Mr. Penniman, from the Select Committee, relative to the insult offered by Col. McElwee to Mr. Hegins, made a report in which the committee state that they consider the insult offered an indignity to the House, and view it as deserving of the severest punishment the House can inflict, but at the same time did not suggest any course for the action of the House. Mr. Fisher offered a resolution that Col. McElwee be expelled. Mr. Nill proposed to amend "so as to have the member publicly reprimanded by the Speaker." His amendment was afterward withdrawn at the request of Col. McElwee, who expressed a desire that if the House did any thing, it would "go up to the hub."

The question was then taken upon the resolution to expell—it was agreed to. Yeas 59, nays 26. This being a constitutional majority, the speaker declared the member from Bedford expelled.

The Afternoon Session was taken up in considering the bill to lay a tax upon personal property.

SENATE did nothing—the election district bill passed Committee of the whole.

SILVER AND GOLD DRESSES.—The Scriptural remark relative to being dressed in silver and gold, has ever been looked upon as a piece of fine imagery or poetic hyperbole. It is about, however, being realized, so far as appearance goes, and being made matter of fact. Queen Victoria's dress at her bridal was of dead white satin. The woof of white silk, and the web of *glass* spun into threads of exquisite fineness! Spun glass, when thus woven with silk, makes a flexible article, and the whole appears like woven cloth of *silver*. The Queen has ordered a suit of drawing-room curtains, in which the spun glass is to be woven with yellow silk, and the effect will be that the curtains will look like golden damask

# SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Agents will please enclose their letters with their names as initials.

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***To Postmasters and Subscribers.***

We request that Postmasters and subscribers when they order a discontinuance will give the *legal* written notice. A paper returned and marked "*refused*" is no notice under the law, and will receive no attention at our hands. It is impossible for us to find the post town at which a paper is received by the mere return of the paper, and it must in every case of discontinuance be given as well as the name of the subscriber. We are imperious in this matter.

☞ Mr. Joseph Osborne, of Chester county, Pa. is authorized to receive the monies of new subscribers to the Post and Casket, and receipt for their subscriptions.

☞ E. J. Woodward is not an agent for the present proprietors of this paper. 3t

☞ Notice.—SAMUEL ARNOLD is not an agent for the present proprietors of the Saturday Evening Post, and no receipt of his will be acknowledged. 3t

☞ Subscribers to this paper in Cincinnati, O. will bear in mind that C. W. James, Esq. is our only agent; receipts from any one else are unauthorized from us and consequently worthless.

***To Correspondents.***

"K."—A word in your ear—never send letters from Lancaster with the wafer still wet, *especially on the 1st of April*. To judge by such a blunder, as well as by the crank of thy verse, we should say—privately you know—that thou art a young man *far more profound than brilliant*. Take our advice—tarry at Jericho a while longer before you attempt to hoax.

"W. K. B." The Mathematical questions of our correspondent have been received. The latin has been mislaid. According to our memory, however, the scene thereof was not *exactly* according to the Serenade.

"Stephanie and J. T. D's", solutions are awaiting the coming of our little devotary from the compositor's room.

"S. H." shall have an early insertion. He is generally excellent, but then—oh—his hand writing. If the metre of "Spring" was otherwise, it would be better. There is too much *jingle* in its music.

"Ahasuerus," will have to try again.

"Anna." Certainly. A pretty hand, sweet verses, and gilt Bath paper, are enough to soften any critic's heart. By the beard of the Caliph! what penmanship. Oh! that we knew the owner thereof.

"Chanticleer." By all means. He is inspired by the right kind of a muse—a soft blue eye.

"W. T. R." The manuscript of this would be humorous might has gone to the stove. It may help to make the cooks crack their sides—certainly it would make a congregation even of punsters lugubrious.

***London Spring Fashions.***

By the late arrival, we have the following description of the latest London Fashions:

*Evening Dress.*—Robe of cinnan satin royal, and low and deeply pointed corsage, draped all around the top in very full folds, and ornamented in the centre of the bosom with a tuft of drab silver vine leaves. Short sleeve terminated by a double row of bouillons, disposed in a novel manner, and decorated with the vine leaves to correspond. The skirt is trimmed with three rows of biais set on with a little fullness; bouquets of white marabouts intermingled with sprigs of dead silver vine leaves, placed on the biais at one side of the skirt, complete the trimming. The hair is dressed in a profusion of ringlets at the sides, and a low full knot behind—the latter is encircled by a wreath of dead silver vine leaves; a brilliant gold bandeau, and ostrich feathers complete the ornaments of the coiffure.

*Shawl Cloaks.*—We have observed they are in a decided majority in carriage dress, and those trimmed with sable or ermine are most numerous. Some of the latter have the hood lined with ermine; they are cut in such a manner, that the front of the hood forms a kind of lappel, which has a novel effect. Where the trimming is of ermine, the hood is lined with it; but if sable is employed, then the lining is the same as that employed for the body of the cloak. Green gros de Naples and blue satins are generally used for linings. The exterior is either satin or velvet, of dark colors—black is much in favor.

*Bonnets.*—Lace appears, this month, to be more in favor than it has been for some time, in bonnet trimmings. We have remarked some black velvet demi-capotes, so called because they are a closer shape than the other bonnets of the months—they were trimmed around the bottom of their gown with a wreath of damask roses, beautifully entwined with, and partly shaded by, black lace of an exceedingly transparent ground, a barbe, which terminated the wreath, escaped from the lace on one side, and drooped over the brim. The effect was equally novel and elegant. We have also seen several trimmed with lace draperies, disposed in points over the back of the crown. This is a pretty, but not a novel style of trimming.

*Silks.*—A attempt is making, but we do not think it will be successful, to bring large patterns and broad stripes into favor, they are certainly adopted by many elegant women, but as they can only be becoming to tall, fine figures, we do not think them likely to acquire any great vogue. At present, patterns of modern dimensions, and plaid silks, and velvets, are in a majority.

***Life in Paris of the Middling Classes.***

A correspondent of the Newark Daily Advertiser writing from Paris, gives this account of the life and habits of the Parisian shop-keepers, &c.:

"The active, business part of the population live cheaper here than the same classes in New York. I give you the condition of a shop-keeper or merchant with a capital of from $10 to $15,000. He keeps one of the first dry good stores in the main street of Paris, and has seven clerks, five of whom are attractive females, of respectable families.—He has a wife and three young children. Madam is chief clerk, keeps the cash account, draws the checks, makes the deposits, &c. They live in the third story of one of these six or eight story buildings, and occupy four rooms; two large well finished parlors, and two chambers.

The rents are less than in New York, and about the rates in Philadelphia. (There are 99 other families in this same building.) The only servant is nurse, cook, and chamberlain. Monsieur rises early and goes to the store. He returns at 9 o'clock to a breakfast of coffee, bread and butter, and eggs, at which the wife, having made her toilet, joins him. The children are then sent to school, and the husband and wife return to the store, leaving the house in charge of the maid; who joins him with the children at 4 o'clock, and, if the weather be fair, they visit the gardens of the Tuileries. The parents here meet a small party of their neighbors, who dine together at an elegant *Restaurateur* for 50 cents each, a bottle of red wine being included, and they spend an hour or more at the table. The stores are closed at 10 P. M.

This is the daily fare of all the business classes, except that the poorer sort dine at less expensive places. The wives of the mechanics and workmen, who have other employments,—for all women do some business—meet their husbands toward evening to dine at some Restaurateur.—There is a remarkable division of labor. Many females live by mending clothes, at so many cents per stitch, or so many cents a foot for sewing seams, and these will give out their washing; and the washerwomen will give out their sewing, and dine at the Restaurateur.

Fuel is much higher than in New York. Dry wood, for example, is two cents a pound, and that which might be had in New York for $2, would cost $10 in Paris. Bread, vegetables, butter, &c are about the same as in our cities. Meat and groceries are generally higher than with us.—And yet, notwithstanding, such is the moderation of appetite here, the people live better and at less expense than in the United States.

# GENERAL NEWS.

Severe Hurricane—Loss of Life.—On Tuesday evening last, a destructive tornado swept over Mobile, which was, in one or two instances, fatal in its effects. The house of Mrs. Page, situated about three miles from the city, was blown down and Mrs. P. was killed. Her daughter, also, was dangerously injured. A building connected with the Nunnery, in which the Nuns were engaged in their evening devotions, was hurled from its basement, and several of them seriously injured. Two negroes belonging to Mr. Smoot, were killed by the falling of a building in which they were. Trees were torn up by the roots and chimneys blown down. The storm passed over the western part of the city, and the more densely populated section escaped its fury, apprehensions are entertained that the vessels in the bay suffered.

A Case of Lynching.—We learn from the Burlington Hawk-Eye and Patriot of the 19th, that a young man by the name of Clark, who had come from the North for the purpose of entering land, was enticed to a gambling house, where, after losing part of his money, he was taken by his companions a little way out of town—stripped, and robbed of about $200. Four men have been examined and held to bail to answer to the charge of robbery, &c. The examination of these men was followed by several trials of the keepers of gambling and disorderly houses, &c. and several individuals were heavily fined.

Progress of Railroads.—From Albany west, the following are finished:

| | |
|---|---|
| Albany to Schenectady, | 16 |
| Utica to Schenectady, | 78 |
| Utica to Syracuse, | 53 |
| Syracuse to Auburn, | 26 |
| Rochester to Batavia, | |
| | 173 |

From Auburn to Rochester, 78; Batavia to Buffalo, 34, are commenced. Thus will the whole distance from Boston to Buffalo, (500 miles,) very soon be finished.

Shot.—Maj. Geo. W. Coffee, of Grenada Miss. whilst in the act of beating his wife, was shot by her brother E. R. Isler. He was about to leave Grenada with [illegible] children, and had threatened to take the lives of his wife and brother-in-law in case they interfered. The jury of inquest returned a verdict of "justifiable homicide."

Colonel Crockett.—The story of Colonel Crockett being alive, and a captive in one of the Mexican mines, is being revived. An extra of the Austin Gazette, of a late date, contains a copy of a letter written to the editor by an American in Mexico, giving the particulars of an interview which the writer had with Crockett, in the mine where he is a captive.

Prophecy.—Speaking of the marriage of Mr. David R. Lyon to Miss Mary Ann Lamb, at Newark, Ohio, the papers say it is a fulfilment of the scriptural prophecy that the lion and the lamb shall lie down together. The scripture says also that the lion shall eat straw like an ox, but whether the noble beast will have *horse* or not, is not mentioned.

Serious Charge.—A middle aged man, named James Bishop, foreman at the distillery on the corner of Broome and Green streets, New York, was brought before Justice Palmer on Saturday, and held to bail in the sum of $1000, to answer a charge of rape preferred against him by a respectable married woman named Catharine Johnson at 40 Wooster street.

Havana—Cuba.—Asphaltum, of which quantities exist, it is said, near that city, is to be used for pavements. A new Mutual Insurance Company has been established. Twenty-five vessels sailed from Havana, March 7th, all square rigged but three—one half for the U. S. About the same number were in port.

Whiskey on the Decline.—The use of whiskey has been abolished at many of the fisheries of the Potomac. Experience has satisfactorily proved that more labor can be performed, and with less effort, without the use of stimulants of any kind than with it.

Liberated Africans.—The New York Signal state that, one hundred and sixty-eight liberated Africans, captured by her Britanic Majesty's schooner Skipjack, are sent to Trinidad *to be incorporated into her Britanic Majesty's 2nd West India Regiment of negroes!*

Sentence of Death.—Jabez Fuller, of Somers, Westchester county, (N. Y.) has been convicted of the murder of his wife, and sentenced to be hung on the 22d of May next. Under the fiendish excitement of liquor, he stamped her to death with the heels of his boots, in the presence of her children.

A Charitable Man and a Good Citizen.—We learn that on examination of the Books of the late Samuel Ward, it appears that his contributions for *charitable* purposes, during the four last years of his life, exceeded *ten thousand dollars* per annum.

Incendiary Fires.—The clothing store of W. Lyon & Co. New Orleans, was destroyed by fire on the night of 27th ult. A light was seen bursting out of a store opposite at the same time, and on entering, a barrel of turpentine was found burning. Both places it was believed were set on fire.

Supposed Suicide.—Edward Williams, a native of Wales, and steward of a schooner, was found dead in the street on Friday night last, at New York, with his throat cut, and a razor lying at his side. The deceased had been suffering from delirium tremens.

Latest from Mexico.—Campeachy, with a population of 14,000, still holds out. The Federalists have collected together a force of 3000 men, and are besieging the city. Laguna was taken possession of by four men, on the 5th ult. It has a population of 2500.

Drowned.—A man named Abraham Solomon, in custody of an officer from New York, jumped overboard from the steamer Kosciusko, on Thursday week, about a mile above Newburg, and was drowned.

Flour Trade.—Fifty-five thousand barrels of flour reached the Baltimore Market, by way of the Washington Railroad, during the month of March.

Specie.—The Ann Louisa, Captain Wilson, arrived at New York on Thursday week, from Vera Cruz, with one hundred thousand dollars in specie. She was sixteen days on the passage.

Inundation.—On the 22d ult. a part of the Levee on the Mississippi river about 24 miles above New Orleans gave way and completely inundated one of the plantations.

Twins.—It is stated in the Dublin Medical Journal, that the proportion of twin cases in Dublin is 1 in 60; in America 1 in 75½ in London 1 in 91; in France 1 in 140.

Incendiary Convicted.—Jacob Lorshbaugh, recently tried in Washington county (Md.) Court, for setting fire to the barn of Mr. Eli Beatty, near Williamsport, has been pronounced guilty.

Price of Bread Stuffs in Texas.—Corn was selling in Austin, at the latest dates, at 14 dollars a bushel; beef at 25 and 75 cents a pound, and flour at 110 dollars a barrel.

Extensive Larceny.—Eighty-five thousand dollars, in blank Treasury Notes, were stolen a short time since at Houston, Texas.

Snow.—On the 26th ult. a skim of ice was on the Canal at Hollidaysburg and the Allegheny white with snow.

Early Vegetables.—Asparagus was in market at Rochester, and new potatoes at Cincinnati, several days ago.

Temperance.—Between six and seven hundred persons have recently signed the temperance pledge in the borough of Pottsville.

Fire.—The roof of the Methodist book establishment, in New York, was destroyed by fire on Saturday night. Loss $2,000; insured.

The Susquehanna and Tide water canal has been filled with water throughout its entire length.

Seduction and Suicide.—The body of a young woman named Ruth Cragen, and that of her infant child, about eight eight months old, were taken out of a cistern on Wednesday, the 1st, at New York; the mother having drowned both herself and infant. She was a native of Massachusetts, and was a handsome and pious young woman. She some time ago became acquainted with a well dressed villain, named Montgomery Winant, who got introduced to her as a single man, though he is said to be married, and who, under pretence of courting her for honorable purposes, seduced her. The disgrace preyed so upon her mind, that life became insupportable, and under this depression she committed the fatal act.

Curious Transaction.—Some excitement prevailed at New Orleans at the last dates, in relation to a transaction of a large commercial house in that city.

It seems that on Friday last their notes laid over for the first time, and on that day one of the members of the firm purchased about $50,000 worth of cotton, which he was to pay for in a day or two afterward; and as soon as the purchase was made, the cotton was again transferred to another at a low rate, for cash, and the money from the broken firm to the original holder was not forthcoming. The report is that the case will be brought before the Criminal Court.

Dreadful Affray.—An affray arising out of a law suit for a title to some land, occurred near Chicago. One of the claimants, accompanied by his son, son-in-law and two other persons, forced themselves into the house in dispute, and entering the bed room of the occupant, three of them threw themselves upon him, but he shook them off, seizing his rifle, shot his opponent. He was then stunned by a blow, dragged out, forced to sign a deed giving up all claim to the premises, and then beaten and left for dead near the house, where he was discovered in the morning. His wife was much injured in attempting to assist him. One of the assaulting party has been arrested.

Inquest in New York.—The New York coroner held an inquest on Friday week on the body of Mrs. Lavinia Dixon, who, being troubled with a tooth-ache, purchased sixpence worth of laudanum, saturated cotton with it for the tooth, drank the rest, and fell into a sound sleep, out of which nothing could arouse her, and she died. Events of this kind constantly occurring in using laudanum and kreosote, do not seem to produce caution.

Also, an inquest on the body of Michael Forrester, who was found drowned after an absence of five weeks. Also, on the body of Charles Babcock, who fell from the Harlem cars in a state of intoxication, and was dragged through the tunnel.

Criminal Drowned.—The Louisville, Ky. Journal states, that as the Sultana was coming up the river, an individual, convicted of horse-stealing, was placed on board of her from the Kentucky shore, in charge of a Sheriff, to be taken to the penitentiary at Frankfort. On Friday night, whilst the eye of the sheriff was for a moment averted from him, he leaped overboard. As he was heavily manacled, hand and feet, there is little or no doubt that he sunk immediately.

We have not learned the suicide's name, but we are informed that he has left a widow living somewhere in Pennsylvania.

Incendiarism.—Several attempts were made last week in Baltimore to fire buildings. A quantity of old rags were, in one instance, inserted between the ceiling and roof and set fire to, and in another a hogshead of burning shavings was placed against a window. The Mayor offers one thousand dollars for the detection of the authors of these attempts.

Centenary of Printing.—The Germans are making great preparations to celebrate the fourth centenary of the discovery of printing. Leipsic, the central point of the literary world, will celebrate this glorious event on the 24th, 25th and 26th of next June, with great splendor, and Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy is now writing a new oratorio for the occasion.

A Dishonest Clerk.—A young man named James Goodwin, not more than nineteen years of age, of respectable parentage and good education, late confidential clerk in the store of Wyeth, Cripps & Co. New York, eloped last week to England, with $6000 of his employers' money, in company with a girl named Mary Moore. One of the firm has gone in pursuit.

Valuable Discovery.—A Fire Engine for Steamboats has been made in Boston by Mr. Creed. It can be worked by the steam engine, at the rate of 400 gallons per minute, or 200 gallons by sixteen men. It may be put in operation five minutes after the discovery of a fire. Should a boat strike a snag and leak, the engine will also pump out the water at the same rate.

Inhuman.—In Cincinnati, a few days ago, a drayman became exasperated at his horse, and struck him with the butt end of his whip, with such force as to kill him on the spot. The Chronicle, in noticing it, calls it "a horse whipped by a beast," and regrets that "the old town whipping posts have been abolished."

Fraud upon Flour.—The Cincinnati Republican mentions an instance of a lot of flour barrels in that city which weighed thirty-one pounds instead of eighteen, the usual weight. It states that the same game is carried on to a great extent in the tobacco hogs of Kentucky.

Marine Disaster.—The brig G. B. Lamar, from Savannah to New York, was dismasted in the gale of the 25th ult. Mr. Dudley, the mate, was lost overboard, and one of the hands killed. Two steerage passengers are also missing, supposed to have been lost overboard.

The Massachusetts Lunatic Asylum, at its last report, (Nov. 30th,) had 229 patients, 113 of whom were males, and 116 females. The average number during the year was 168, of whom 80 were recovered, 29 improved, 7 not improved, 30 harmless, and 22 died.

Steamboat Sunk.—The steamboat Selma struck a snag on the Mississippi, on the night of the 24th ult. and sunk. The Ravel Family, who were on their way to fulfil an engagement at St. Louis, lost all their properties; the rest of the passengers lost their baggage.

Real Estate.—The New Orleans True American says that real estate is daily selling in that city at the rate of from twenty to one hundred dollars, for what cost some years ago five hundred dollars.

Affray.—Loss of Life.—A few days ago, a young man named John Bolton, was killed in an affray at Jackson, Tenn. by a Mr. Hughes, a merchant tailor of that place. Hughes was acquitted by the examining court.

The Storm King!!!—The weather has been so stormy at New Orleans since Mr. Espy's arrival, that but few can attend his lectures. A heavy rain followed in his wake through all the southern cities.

Fire in the Infernal Regions.—The "Infernal Regions" (an exhibition so called) took fire in Cincinnati on the 1st inst. and were destroyed.—We did not imagine they could be so readily consumed.

A Pickpocket was caught in New York, on Friday night, abstracting 130 dollars from the pocket of a Mr. F. Steele, of Iowa. The rogue turned out to be that old offender, John Smith.

The Jersey Pilots Again.—During the month of March, thirty-two vessels were piloted out of the harbor of New York, by the Jersey Pilots, and thirty-eight brought in from sea.

Paying for it.—The First Salmon.—The first salmon of the season in the Boston market, was sold for 42 dollars.

Unredeemable.—The notes of the New York City Trust and Banking Co. payable on demand, are no longer redeemed.

Snag Boats.—They are clearing the snags out of the river Arkansas, by means of boats.

# FOREIGN NEWS.

***Later from England.***

The Columbus arrived at New York on Sunday, bringing news from Liverpool to the 7th ult. and to the 6th from London.

A matrimonial alliance is said to be in contemplation between Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, and his beautiful cousin, the Princess Matilda de Montford, daughter of Jerome Bonaparte, now on a visit to this country. The Princess is now sojourning at Florence.

The religious movements, in Great Britain are interesting. In Scotland the two schools of Presbyterianism are waging a fierce war with each other. In England, the Catholics appear to be rising in importance, as well as strengthening by means of converts to their creed. Their chapels are multiplying in number astonishingly. Nothing has been done in Parliament relative to China. England it is pretty certain will make war on that empire, and the Brother of the Moon, will be very apt before long to "see stars."

The London Tory papers are furious against Captain Elliott and the American merchants in China.

The repeal of the corn laws are agitated terribly throughout England. Some descriptions of their effects are horrible. We give some of the particulars below.

***Horrible Effect of the English Corn Laws.***

The people of England are paying about fifty millions a year more for food than they did in 1835. The population of Bolton union, a district comprising a surface of 45,695 acres, of which Bolton is the centre, contained, according to the census of 1831, 63,369 inhabitants. It must now be more than 90,000. Suppose them to pay only *tenpence per head per week more* for food than in 1835, and this is a very moderate calculation, this makes for the last twelve months a sum of one hundred and ninety-five thousand pounds. But, according to the theory of the agriculturist, wages should have *risen with the price of food*. Have they done so? On the contrary the rate of wages, *in every instance*, is *lower*, without exception. In the cotton mills alone, about ninety-five thousand pounds *less* have been paid during the last twelve months. Many of the mills have been entirely stopped for all or part of the time; and, with only two exceptions, *all* have worked short time for a considerable portion of the past year. Including the millwrights and engineers, machine-makers, colliers, hand-loom weavers, joiners, bed-quilt and counterpane weavers, and all the other trades required by a population of 90,000. I have made a very careful calculation from extensive personal inquiry, and assert most confidently, that altogether there must have been at least £130,000 *less paid in wages* in the Bolton Union. Now, add the £130,000 *less in wages* to the £195,000 *more in food*, and there is a *total* loss to Bolton of £325,000! What are the consequences? There are now in Bolton 1126 houses untenanted, of which about 50 are shops, some of them in the principal streets. Here a loss to the owners of £10,000 to £12,000 a year. The shopkeepers are almost ruined by diminished returns and bad debts. There were, a short time ago, *three* sales of the effects of shopkeepers in one day. Distraints for cottage rents occur daily. The arrears of cottage rents, and the debts to shopkeepers, are incalculable, but they must amount to many thousand pounds. The pawnbrokers' shops are strewed full of the clothing, furniture, and even bedding of the destitute poor.

***China.***

On the evening of March 6, the papers on the subject of China were laid on the table of both houses of Parliament. In the house of Commons the following conversation took place:—

Sir James Graham not seeing the Noble Lord at the head of the Foreign Department, or any Hon. Member connected with the Admiralty, in his place, begged to ask the Noble Lord, the Secretary for the Colonies, a question relative to the Chinese papers which were laid on the table at a late hour last night. He did not find in those papers any account of some most important transactions mentioned in the last accounts received in England, viz: that a remonstrance had been made on the part of certain American merchants against the blockade of the port of Canton, and also an action, said to have taken place between certain Chinese vessels of war and some of her Majesty's fleet. He wished to know whether her Majesty's Government were in possession of any information with respect to the blockade or the action to which he alluded; and if so, whether it was their intention to lay it upon the table?

Lord J. Russell—No official account has been received of the naval action, or of the transaction to which the Right Hon. Gentleman alludes. Private letters have reached this country from Captain Elliott and Captain Smith, but when official accounts are received there will be no objection to lay them before the House.

Sir James Graham—I have been informed there is a letter addressed by Captain Elliott to the late Admiral Maitland, giving an account of the blockade, and that the letter was transmitted by the late Admiral Maitland to the Admiralty. Surely that is an official communication to the Government—(Hear)—and I presume her Majesty's Government would not object to lay that document before the House. (Hear, from the Opposition.)

Lord J. Russell—There are letters of that kind, but they are not letters that contain any narrative of the transaction; and certainly, speaking from memory, I do not think they are letters that could be laid before the House; however, I will not give a positive answer without referring to the letters themselves.

The "London Courier" has these remarks on the "American Protest," against the blockade of Canton:—

A parcel of rough and raffish merchants and shipmasters of the United States at Canton, dare fling their asinine heels and spit their paltry spite against an empire whose destinies are swamped by a Palmerston, and against a navy, which from stem to stern, from head to tail, is overrun with vermin of the Elliot breed. The facts are simply these:—Mr. Superintendent Elliot resolved on placing, and subsequently declared the port of Canton in a state of blockade by her Majesty's ship Volage, then lying off. Upon which the following Quixotic protest was most valiantly thundered forth by certain resident and transient Americans, then and there reaping their 200 and 300 per centages of profit by the blundering confusion of Elliot's trading and diplomatic measures:—

[Here follows the American Protest.]

One of the peculiar felicities of this outbreak of American insolence and undisguised contempt, consists undoubtedly in the fact, that the French blockade of Mexico some time past, as the French blockade of Buenos Ayres now existing, have both been endured by American traders, as by American Commodores of warlike squadrons, without one word of dissent, discontent, protest or remonstrance. Not one syllable has been heard during two years from the United States, to the effect that these blockades "cannot be recognised"—that they were an "infringement of the law of nations, existing treaties, illegal, and without precedent." Still less have the French Admirals on either station been served with notice of being held "personally * * responsible" for loss of life or damage of property incurred in consequence by American citizens. That stretch of Transatlantic impudence has been reserved exclusively for contemptuous exhibition against the prostrate power and pusillanimous Administration of England.

Tournament.—A tournament was given last week at Rotterdam, by some gentlemen, in a riding-school in that city. The entertainment represented an episode of the time of Thierry II. The arms and dresses of the knights, their esquires, and horses were exceedingly beautiful; several excellent tilts were run, and the whole passed off most successfully.

Currency Bill.—The bill compelling the Banks of New York to receive each other's notes at par has passed the Assembly of that state.

**Receipts for the Saturday Evening Post from the 25th March to the 9th, inclusive.**

REFUSED LETTER. Franklin, Miss.

SPRING VILLA SEMINARY FOR YOUNG LADIES, at Bordentown, N. J.—The duties of this Seminary will be resumed on Wednesday the 2d of April.

The course of instruction comprises all the branches that constitute a complete and thorough education. The principal features of this Institution, however, consists in its being essentially a French school: the pupils being required to use the French language in their intercourse with each other, and with their teacher, both in and out of the school room, they are thus enabled to acquire readiness and fluency in the use of that beautiful idiom, without any detriment to the English branches.

The Musical Department, which is under the care of Mr. E. R. Hansen, a gentleman who joins great professional ability to twenty years' experience, receives also more than usual attention. As the improvement of the pupils depends chiefly on regularity and assiduity in practising, there resides in the Institution an assistant teacher, whose duty it is to be constantly in the music rooms, superintending the practice, and aiding the scholars in the difficulties they may meet with.

The property occupied by this Seminary is a delightful Villa, formerly belonging to Joseph Bonaparte, and situated immediately opposite that gentleman's park. In point of comfort and beauty, it is certainly not surpassed by any similar establishment in the country.

The number of pupils is limited to forty. No day scholars are received. There are now a few vacancies, and parents or guardians desirous of obtaining admission for their daughters or wards, may apply, either personally or by mail, to A. N. GIRAULT, Principal.

*** Catalogues containing terms, regulations, system of education, &c. may be found at the store of H. Perkins, 134 Chestnut street, Philadelphia; and for information concerning the character of the school, and the estimation in which it is held, reference is made to the following persons, who, with the exception of one, have had, or now have, daughters or wards under Mr. G.'s care.

Niagara Falls, N. Y. Judge Samuel De Veaux.
Ogdensburg, N. Y. Mrs. E. Arnold.
New York City, Mrs. Deane, 170 Broadway.
Bordentown, N. J. Capt. Edw. McCall, U. S. N.; Rev. R. B. Hall, John L. McKnight.
Philadelphia, Judge Jos. Hopkinson, Walnut above 13th street; William Lovan, 195 north 3d street; R. W. Dunlap, City Hotel John Nagler, corner of Brown and Front street.
Lancaster, Pa. Hon. James Buchanan.
Cornwall Furnace, Lebanon co. Pa. John Reynolds.
Bedford, Pa. Mrs. Naomi Kerne.
Sunbury, Northumberland co. Pa. E. Greenough, Mrs. Rebecca Pleasants.
Camden, Del. Jonathan Jenkins.
Pappsville, Amelia county, Va. John T. Jeter, Dr.
Newbern, N. C. John F. Burgwyn.
Onslow Court House, Onslow co. N. C. David W. Sanders.
Warsaw, Duplin county, N. C. Gen. Wm. L. Hill.
Waynesborough, N. C. Dr. Beckner Hill.
Wilmington, N. C. Col. John D. Jones.
Charleston, S. C. Dr. Dalymore.
St. Louis, Mo. John Deane.
St. Augustine Florida, M. H. Tucker. ap 11—3m

WAR! WAR!! WAR!!!—The wigmakers have declared hostilities against our neighbor, Dr. Jayne, on account of his HAIR TONIC, which is knocking all their business into a "cocked hat." Ladies and gentlemen, old and young, are flocking to the Doctor's standard. Heads long divested of even the first rudiments of hair, after using his Hair Tonic, soon appear with new and flowing locks, which Absalom himself might have envied. Beardless boys are seen with large and bushy whiskers; and ladies smile again through their own raven ringlets, more beautiful and bewitching than ever. Bald heads are doffing their wigs and throwing them to the "moles and the bats," while the wigmakers stand aghast as they behold the demolition of their business.

What will be the consequence of this war we know not, as the wiggies are outrageous, and the Doctor remains firm, and declares that "some things can be done as well as others," and that nine heads may as well wear their own hair as that of other people.—*Weekly Messenger.*

☞ It may be had of Dr. Jayne, No. 20 south Third st. Philadelphia. Price $1. ap 11—3m

**Review of the Philadelphia Market, for the week ending April 9, 1840.**

American Cotton Goods.—There is no change in prices, and the demand continues moderate.

Bark.—Further sales of Quercitron to a limited extent at $30 per ton, for 1st No. 1, and lower in proportion for other grades.

Cotton.—Prices remain unchanged. The transactions have been to a moderate extent, at from 9½ to 10 cts. per lb. according to quality, part for foreign export. The sales reach 350 bales.

Coffee.—There has been a good demand, at full former prices. Sales of 1500 bags good to fine Rio, from a cargo just arrived, at 11¼ a 12 cts. 600 bags Rio in lots from store, at 10½ a 11½; 1000 bags St. Domingo for export, price not public, and some hundred bags Laguyra at 12 cts. per lb. cash and 4 a 6 mos.

Drugs & Dyes.—Sales limited, at about former rates.

Fish.—Mackerel are dull, and the sales have been only by retail, at steady prices.

Flour & Meal.—The receipts of Flour have been moderate this week, and holders have become firmer in their demands. Sales to a fair extent at $4,87½ to $5 per bbl, chiefly at $4,93 a $4,94 for export. To-day holders are firm at $4,93. Sales for city use at $4.94 a $5. Sales on the Schuylkill at $4,87½ a $4,94. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are steady at $2,87½, with sales.

Fruit.—A cargo of Sicily, was offered by auction, and 1000 boxes of Lemons were disposed of at $2,25 a $2,75 per box, 2000 boxes oranges at 50 cents to $2,25, each a 4 mos.

Grain.—Wheat is scarce, but supplies are soon expected. Sales of good to prime Pennsylvania red at $1 to $1,02 per bushel, on the Schuylkill. Rye—Sales at 53 cts. for Pennsylvania. Corn—Demand fair; with sales of Southern flat yellow at 51 a 51½ cts. Pennsylvania yellow at 50 cts. Oats—Last sales were at 27 cts. No supplies by water at market.

Hemp.—The demand continues limited, and the stock light. A lot of clean Russia sold at $2.40 per ton 4 mos.

Hides.—Sales 12 a 15 bales Calcutta Kips at $1,15, each—on time.

Hops.—Sales in a retail way, at 40 cts. per lb.

Iron.—The market continues depressed, and the demand is limited. A lot of best quality Pig Iron has been sold at $35 per ton, on time.

Lead.—A sale of 450 pigs Missouri at $4,75 per 100 lbs. 6 mos; 1700 pigs at about the same price.

Molasses.—The market continues nearly bare, and the only sale we have to note is of a lot of 40 a 50 hhds New Orleans, at 30 cts, 6 mos.

Naval Stores.—There is no change in prices, and the sales have been confined to small parcels.

Provisions.—Sales in parcels of Mess Pork at $15.50 a $16 per bbl. Bacon is steady at 10½ cts. for prime city smoked Hams. Shoulders 9, and Sides 9 cts per lb. Lard—Considerable sales of Western at 9 cts, 6 mos; and Jersey 9 cts, cash. Butter is very dull.

Plaster.—A cargo sold at $2.25 per ton.

Sugars.—The demand has been active, and the sales have nearly cleared all the hhd sugar out of first hands. Sales of a 500 hhds New Orleans, at from 4½ for very common, to 5 5-8 cts. for good quality, 4 a 6 mos. About 100 hhds. common Cuba, at 6 cts. The sales show a slight decline on former rates; 100 boxes, old crop Cuba brown, at 7 cts and some white Brazil at 8½ cts. 6 mos. Box Sugars are scarce.

Teas.—We have no sales to note. The last sale in N. York went off at full former rates, except for Canton made Teas.

Tobacco.—The receipts have been large but the demand for export continues limited for want of vessels. A small lot of fair quality Kentucky has sold at 5½ cts per lb. Demand from the trade fair.

Wines.—Sales only in small parcels, without material change in prices.

Wool.—Market dull and depressed, and the sales unimportant.

Cattle Market.—Beeves—The supply at John's Union Drove Yard for the week was 336 head, the greater portion of which was sold at from $6 to 7 50 per cwt.

Cows and Calves—The supply at the two yards combined was 254 head, 210 of which was at Thompson's yard, and 44 at John's, nearly all of which were sold at from $20 to $33, extra at $45. Dry cows from $10 to $14; Springers from $16 to $32.

Hogs—There were about 340 head in market, sales of which were made at from $4 75 per cwt to 5½ cts per lb; extra 5½ cts per lb.

Sheep—The stock at Ludwig and Elliott's, over the Schuylkill, was full 750 head, which were sold at from 1 50 to $4 per head, sales of extra at $4 per head.

Hay and Straw Market—Best Timothy Hay commands $15 a 15 50 per ton. No change in Rye Straw.—*North American.*

**ALMANAC.**

**MARRIED.**

In Huntingdon, Tenn. on Tuesday, 10th ult. by the Rev. C. S. Woods, William E. Brown, Esq. (Editor of the Trenton Point Star,) to Miss Tennessee O. Hamilton, of Carroll county.

On the 29th ult by the Rev. H. L. Conolly, Mr. William D. Rickards, of Delaware, to Miss Margaret Moore, of Philadelphia.

On the 2d inst. by Friends' ceremony, at the house of John R. Biddle, in Byberry, Samuel Cary, Jr. of Albany, to Jane Marsh, daughter of the late Henry Marsh, of Sadsbury, Chester county.

In Trenton, on Thursday evening, 26th March, by the Rev. Charles Pitman, Mr. Franklin S. Mills, editor of the Emporium and True American, to Miss Catharine, daughter of Jesse Redman, Mill Hill.

On the 2d inst. by the Rev. Samuel E. Brinkley, Mr. Frederick Heisenger, of this city, to Mrs. Esther L. Willing, of Blockley township, Philadelphia county.

On Sunday evening, 5th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Connor, Thomas Jefferson Smith, of Florida, to Miss Sarah E. Simms, daughter of Edward Simms, Esq. of Washington city.

By the Rev. Geo. Chandler, on the evening of the 29th ult. Mr. Matthias Higby, to Miss Maria Elston.

On the 2d inst. by the Rev. Thos. G. Allen, Mr. David Jenkins, to Elizabeth Hews.

March 29th, by the Rev. John B. Clemson, Mr. John L. Reeston, to Miss Catharine Young.

April 2d, by the same, Mr. John Flood, to Miss Rebecca F. Bailey.

In N. York, March 31st, by the Rev. Dr. Wyatt, Lieut. Wm. H. French, 1st regiment U. S. Artillery, to Caroline, daughter of the late George Read, of Delaware.

On the 8th inst. by the Rev. John A. Clark, Edward R. Stiles, M. D. of Mississippi, to Mary Osgood Carpenter, daughter of the late Stephen C. Carpenter, of their place.

On Tuesday evening, 7th inst. by the Rev. William Suddards, William Gillespie, to Miss Mary, daughter of the late Alexander Hampton, all of this city.

In Mobile, on the 25th ult. by the Rev. James McGaran, Mr. Dennis O'Connor, to Miss Julia McDermott, both of Philadelphia.

On the 6th inst. by the Rev. Thos. G. Allen, Mr. John Barron, to Miss Margaret Clark.

At Cincinnati, on the 31st of March, by the Rev. S. F. Aydelotte, Augustine Lynch, of Tuscaloosa, Ala. to Miss Isabella Wampole, of Cincinnati, all formerly of Philadelphia.

**DIED.**

On the 7th inst. of scarlet fever, Eloisa, daughter of Cuthbert and Emma Warner, aged 21 months.

On Monday, 6th inst. Mrs. Ann M. Heberton, wife of Henry F. Heberton, in the 31st year of her age.

At sea, on the 19th ult. on board of the barque Fanny, of Boston, on her passage from Liverpool for New Orleans, James Dorra, seaman, of Bangor, Maine, aged 19 years.

At Cincinnati, Ohio, on the 18th of February last, of consumption, in the 26th year of her age, Mrs. Sarah Ann, wife of Edward Kiney, of that place, and daughter of William M. Farland, formerly of Montgomery county, Maryland.

On Thursday morning, 2d inst. after a short and severe illness, Catharine, infant daughter of George and Elizabeth Hood, aged 9 months and 5 days.

On the morning of the 1st inst. after a short but severe illness, in the 48th year of her age, Mrs. Moore, wife of Isaac Abrams.

On the 31st ult. William, son of Jacob and Margaret Rothmel, aged 7 months.

Of scarlet fever, Wm. Henry, son of Robt. E. Matheys, in the 5th year of his age.

On Long Hill, New Jersey, on the 23d ult. Mr. Jacob Lacy, a revolutionary hero and pensioner, aged one hundred years and twenty days.

On the 5th inst. Charles Hill, in the 58th year of his age.

On Sunday, 5th inst. Robert T. Smith, in the 25th year of his age.

On Saturday morning, after a lingering illness, Mrs. Margaret Collins, aged 80 years.

On Saturday morning, 4th inst. John Keyser, late lumber merchant, in the 69th year of his age.

On the 4th inst. Samuel Williams.

On the 3d inst. Mary Gallagher, in the 85th year of her age, sister to the late James Gallagher, China Merchant, of this city.

On the morning of the 3d inst. in the 49th year of her age, Emelia Canter, widow of the late Jacob Canter.

On Friday 3d inst. Mary P. wife of Edwin W. Pearson, aged 39 years and 15 days.

At Harrisburg, Pa. on the 1st inst. Dwight F. Holmes, of Ashfield, Mass. aged 33 years.

On the 1st inst. Horace C. son of Robert C. and Dorah M. Gibson, aged 1 year.

On Monday morning, 6th inst. Thomas Reeves, Sr. in the 55th year of his age.

At Tarkony, on Sunday, 5th inst. Jesse Y. Castor, Esq. a member of the Philadelphia bar.

In this city, on Saturday morning last, April 4th, 1840, John Sheridan, in the 40th year of his age.

On the 5th inst. Mrs. Sarah, wife of Benj. F. Thompson, in the 21st year of her age.

In Bangor, 29th ult. Peter Edes, Esq. aged 83 years. He was probably the oldest printer in the United States, and through a long life sustained a good reputation, and was generally respected and beloved, as an honest and worthy man.

On the 8th inst. in the 21st year of his age, Mr. Elijah Thompson.

On Wednesday morning, 8th inst. William Webb, formerly of Chester county, Pa. aged 76 years.

Near Wilmington, on Monday morning, 6th inst. Mrs. Elizabeth Bird, wife of Mr. James T. Bird.

On the 7th inst. in the 21st year of her age, Mrs. Sarah, wife of Benjamin P. Thompson.

On Wednesday evening, 8th inst. Jacob H. Fitler, in the 28th year of his age.

His friends and those of the family are respectfully invited to attend his funeral, from the residence of his father, Daniel Fitler, Germantown Road above 4th street, on Sunday afternoon next, at 4 o'clock, without further notice.

**OBITUARY.**

Died on the morning of the 7th instant, Martha Pike, daughter of Curtis Taylor, aged 19 years.

Long will her loss be felt by her acquaintances, but let us not mourn over the death of one who has passed from a world of sin to a heaven of happiness. Of a naturally amiable disposition, it shone forth with great power under the influence of religion—humbly trusting in the merits of Jesus Christ her Saviour, she meekly bowed her head to the will of her Heavenly Father, when he sent down sickness upon her—as her frame became weaker, even so did her faith become stronger, until she breathed out her last in humble prayer to Him who is the Author and giver of life. And shall we mourn for her? Oh no! —but rather may we seek to follow her "to that happier shore, where friends shall meet to part no more." J.

# PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM.

This afternoon, April 11.

Miss EMMA VALLEE and her sister, at the request of their friends and patrons, will give a CONCERT to the juvenile community, at half past three o'clock, on which occasion Miss LOUISA FREIDAUF, aged 6 years, will make her first appearance.

The SPLENDID EXHIBITION of the PYROTROPE, or MOVING FIRES, will take place this evening, when a number of new pieces will be performed.

Tickets 25 cents, or (if purchased previous to the evening,) Five for One Dollar.

BARTRAM BOTANIC GARDEN and NURSERY near Gray's Ferry, Philadelphia.—R. CARR respectfully informs the public, and the customers of this old Garden, that since the death of his son, he has taken into partnership his nephew, GEORGE GALE and DANIEL McAVOY, and that in future the business will be conducted under the firm of CARR, McAVOY & GALE, who have now in their nursery the finest assortment of FRUIT TREES in this country, with every variety of ornamental trees and shrubs, and a great collection of Green House Plants, which will be sold on moderate terms.

☞ Orders, per mail, or left at the Stalls, corner of Market and Seventh streets, and corner of Market and Fourth streets, will be promptly attended to, and plants packed in such manner as to insure their safe carriage to any part of the United States. ap 11—3t

# ASTONISHING INCREASE!

## FOUR THOUSAND NEW SUBSCRIBERS IN TWO MONTHS!!!

When we first purchased the old and well known establishment of the SATURDAY EVENING POST, we stated that the paper circulated so widely among the steady, reading portion of the United States, that we entered upon our labors with full confidence of the future. Our success has since been beyond our most sanguine expectations, as our

## WEEKLY RECEIPTS

overbalance those of any cotemporary paper. Our list has continued to swell up, with unexampled rapidity, and we have the confidence that at the present rate of increase we shall be enabled in a few months to boast of more than

## ☞ 35,000 SUBSCRIBERS! ☜

When we commenced our labors, we announced distinctly, that the tone of the paper should be decidedly *moral*, and that nothing should be admitted into our columns which the most fastidious father could disapprove of, and determined that as an approved

# FAMILY PAPER,

it should not contain a paragraph, with the spirit of which a parent would not wish to have a daughter familiar, and we therefore, with this view, announced that

*NO THEATRICAL NOTICES*

should appear in our columns, and that we should be

*OPPOSED TO THEATRES,*

as things calculated to injure the healthy action of an honest mind,—as creative of exhibitions demoralising in tendency, and fearfully pernicious in fact. There were not wanting blusterers, who made a great parade of opposition, and *Croakers*, who predicted our speedy downfall, but we threw ourselves upon the sober, rational and experienced portion of the people of the United States for support, and we have been

# NOBLY SUSTAINED.

We thought and expressed the opinion, that however careless many might be upon this subject, that few, even if they did not entirely disapprove of such entertainments, cared about having the gross details forever paraded before the eyes of their children, and the sickening, and nauseating eulogy of all kinds of characters made familiar to their minds.

We determined also, that while the paper continued under our control, it should be strictly neutral in politics, and that as news and literary journalists we had nothing to do with the matter; this determination has been strictly and rigidly adhered to, and while we shall continue to give our readers, each public documents as may be deemed of interest to all, and such a history of the progress of political events, as are strictly in keeping with our duty, and the character of the paper, we shall studiously, and thoroughly avoid any contamination of partisan politics.

The paper is now printed in a new and beautiful type, and has received the praise of many editors of taste, as "*the handsomest family sheet in the Union.*" Our efforts have been directed to the combining of beauty and simplicity with utility and taste. The Post is printed on a stout white paper, rendering it neat and durable for filing.

In addition to these efforts toward perfection in the mechanical department, and exterior of our paper, no labor, and no cost has been spared in the development of intellectual strength. The greatest variety of interesting tales, original, from foreign and domestic magazines, together with the valuable contributions of our own circle of literary friends will continue to give interest to the paper, while every thing important and worthy of note that happens in the Old World or the New, shall be collected and collated for the taste of our readers.

# THE LADIES' DEPARTMENT

Shall always be choice and select, and shall receive strict attention, while such things as may interest our juvenile readers, and that important and large class of our readers,

# THE FARMERS,

will not be overlooked. In order to gratify, as much as possible, the laudable desire of our country readers, a portion of our attention will be devoted to the collection and diffusion of such

## News, Memoranda, Tables, Facts, Hints, &c.

as may seem IMPORTANT TO AGRICULTURISTS, and the population resident without the confines of our great cities. The *state of the markets* and the fluctuations in the prices, will be regularly, and what is of more moment, *correctly* given.

We have ever been opposed to the constant bluster and parade made by some editors, about the excellence of their papers, and have resolved, that the Saturday Evening Post, shall be so conducted, as to

# SPEAK FOR ITSELF.

Our readers will always find in its columns the earliest and most authentic information, as well as the most choice and entertaining literary matter. We have totally discarded the system of filling the paper with *quack advertisements*, but prefer giving our readers from week to week,

## ENTERTAINING READING MATTER,

And we feel assured that we shall be no losers thereby, as but few readers care about having a paper filled with descriptions of these nauseating compounds.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, will be furnished for $2 per annum in advance, or one copy three years for $5. To those who wish to subscribe for a Philadelphia Magazine, we will furnish a copy of the Philadelphia Casket, and two copies of the Post for one year for $5 free of postage and discount.

No New Subscriber received without the Money.

To those who wish to subscribe, we would say, that the safest plan is to enclose the money in a letter and direct to us. Most postmasters will frank their letters if relating to nothing but the business of the office, and all postmasters who will be kind enough so to do, we shall be pleased to acknowledge as agents.

*EDITORS who may wish an exchange, will please copy, and forward a number of their paper, marked with ink to this office, and their favor shall be promptly acknowledged without fraud or delay, as is but too often the case.*

Address GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.
No. 26 Carter's Alley, Philadelphia.

JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT.—This medicine has already proved itself to be all that it has been recommended, by those who have given it a fair test in this county, and the demand for it increases daily. We have just heard of an important cure of Asthma, which has been effected by the use of it in a neighboring town—the case was that of a female who had for a long time been under the care of a physician, but had received no relief, and her case was beginning to be considered hopeless. As a last resort she purchased a bottle of Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, which caused her to expectorate freely, gradually eased her cough, and is rapidly restoring her to health. We have no hesitation in saying this preparation of Dr. Jayne, for the cure of *Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Asthma, Consumption, &c.* is the most valuable medicine ever offered to the American public. There is no quackery about it—Dr. Jayne is one of the most skilful practising physicians in Pennsylvania; and wherever his preparations have been thoroughly tested, he is looked upon as a great public benefactor.—*Somerset (Me.) Journal.*

Prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne, No. 20 south Third st. Philadelphia. Price $1.00 ap 11—3m

WORMS, WORMS, WORMS. To remove these troublesome and dangerous inhabitants of the Stomach and Bowels, which so often impair the health and destroy the lives of children, use Dr. JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE, a certain and safe preparation for the removal of the various kinds of Worms, Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach, Want of Appetite, Infantile Fever and Ague, and debility of the Stomach and Bowels and organs of digestion.

Prepared only by Dr. Jayne, No. 20 South Third street, Philadelphia. Price 50 cents. ap 11—4m

JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT always cures ASTHMA: two or three large doses will cure the CROUP or HIVES of Children, in from fifteen minutes to an hour's time. It immediately subdues the violence of WHOOPING COUGH, and effects a speedy cure. Hundreds who have been given up by their physicians as incurable, with Consumption, Cough, Spitting of Blood, and other pulmonary affections, have been restored to perfect health by it. It never fails in giving relief. Prepared by Dr. Jayne, No. 20 south Third street, Philadelphia. Price $1.00.
ap 11—3m

FORTY DOLLARS REWARD.—Was stolen from the subscriber, on the night of the 24th ult. living in Lower Providence, Montgomery county, Pa. 1 bay horse, 12 years old, about 13 hands high, stout neck, with some white in his face, and some white on all of his feet.

Also, a bay mare, 8 years old, about 15 hands high, two hind feet white, a long heavy switch tail, always showing a cross disposition when approached. The above reward will be paid for the recovery of the horses and the conviction of the thief, or fifteen dollars a piece for the horses alone, if returned to the owner, or if left at the Black Horse Inn, Market street, between 11th and 12th streets, Philadelphia. GEORGE HIGBY.
ap 4—3t*

MORUS MULTICAULIS.—The subscriber is authorised to exchange Real Estate for Morus Multicaulis.
CHARLES CADWALLADER,
mar 28, 1840. No. 700 Market street.
N. B. Wanted experienced silk worm feeders.
nov 2—tf

SPRING MILLINERY.—Misses Johnsons, No. 300 Chesnut street, have received by the late Havre packets their Spring Millinery, which they opened on Thursday, April 2d. ap 4—3t*

AGRICULTURAL PUBLICATIONS.—Warranted Garden and Field Seeds.—The subscribers offer for sale at their Seed and Horticultural Warehouse, No. 97 Chesnut street above Third. The following approved new Agricultural Publications, viz:

| | |
|---|---|
| Sweets' Botanical Cultivator, on the treatment of Green, Hot House, Herbaceous, Hardy and Annual Plants for Seed, | $3 00 |
| McMahon's Amer. Gardener, new edition, | 3 00 |
| Bridgman's Gardener's Assistant, just published, | 1 25 |
| —— Kitchen Gardener, just published, | 37½ |
| —— Florist Guide, this day published, | 62½ |
| American Flower Garden Directory, new edition, | 1 25 |
| Moubray on Poultry, | 75 |
| Treatise on the Mulberry, from the Chinese, | 1 00 |
| Amer. Swine Breeders Companion (Hon. H. Ellsworth,) | |
| —— Silk Growers Guide, Kenrich's, | 75 |
| —— Flower Garden Companion, (Sayer's) | 62½ |
| —— Fruit Garden Companion, (Sayer's) | 62½ |
| Manning's Book of Fruits, | 75 |
| Child on the Sugar Beet, new work, | 75 |
| Amer. Farmers Companion, by Judge Buel, | 1 00 |
| Sayer on the Cultivation of the Dahlia and Cactus | 37½ |

With numerous other standard publications of the first quality. Warranted Vegetable Garden, Grass, Field and Flower Seeds, of the first quality.

jan 11—tf HIRST & DREER,
Nursery and Seedsmen.

FOR SALE, IN GERMANTOWN, a dwelling house and lot of land, formerly the property of John Fry, deceased, having 34 feet front on the Main street of Germantown, and extending back of equal width 15.6 perches and contains 34 perches of land. The improvements are a two story stone dwelling house 24 feet front by 31 deep with two rooms and an entry on each story, kitchen adjoining the cellar under the whole; a well of good water with pump in it near the kitchen door. This property is situated nearly opposite the Bank of Germantown, in one of the pleasantest parts of the village. For terms apply at the office of the Saturday Evening Post. feb 29—tf

**STOCK MARKET.**

There has been a regular advance in Stocks this week, but more especially in United States and Girard Bank—which latter on Wednesday went up to 42 and closed firm at that price. U. S. Bank was firm at 61½. This evidences a reviving feeling of confidence, and that the dark time passed away in Philadelphia. We have believed for some time past that the middle of this month would see us fairly through our difficulties.

**SALES OF STOCKS.**

*By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday.*

Reported by a Member of the Board, for the Saturday Evening Post.

WHOOPING COUGH AND CROUP.—TO PARENTS.—JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT is without exception the most valuable preparation in use, for the above diseases. It converts Whooping Cough into a mild and tractable disease, shortens its duration more than one half, and produces a certain and speedy recovery. From half an hour to one ounce it will certainly cure CROUP in infants and young children, in half an hour and an hour. The lives of hundreds of children will be saved annually, by always keeping it on hand ready for every emergency. Prepared by Dr. D. Jayne, No. 20 south Third street, Philadelphia. ap 11—3m

CONSUMPTION, COUGH, SPITTING BLOOD, &c.—TO CONSUMPTIVES.—Four fifths of you are really suffering from neglected Colds, or an Obstruction and consequent inflammation of the delicate lining of those tubes through which the air we breathe is distributed to every part of the lungs. This Obstruction produces pain and soreness, hoarseness, cough, difficulty of breathing, hectic fever, and a spitting of blood matter or phlegm, which finally exhausts the strength of the patient, and ends in death. JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT never fails to remove this obstruction, and produces the most pleasing and happy results. It is certain in its effects, and cannot fail to relieve. Prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne No. 20 south Third street, Philadelphia. ap 11—3m

FASHIONS & TAILORS ARCHETYPES.—Ward, Basford & Ward, successors to Allen Ward, have now in press their Spring Report of the Philadelphia Fashions, and Tailors Archetypes, which they trust will give general satisfaction to their large and increasing list of subscribers, neither pains nor expense have been spared to render this Report superior to any former publication of the kind.

We have received many gratifying testimonials from master tailors, both far and near, in relation to the correctness of the Diagrams, and the improved appearance of our publications.

**TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.**

Ten dollars for the first year including necessary instructions, and five dollars for each succeeding year if paid within the current year. All orders post paid and addressed to Ward, Basford & Ward, No. 62 Walnut street, Philadelphia, Pa. will meet with immediate attention. The following extracts are taken from a few of the many testimonial certificates which have been sent to the publishers unsolicited.

State of N. Carolina, Chatham county, Jan. 17th, 1840.
Messrs. A. & A. F. Ward, Basford & Co.

Dear Sirs—I wish to say something in honor to your Rule for Cutting. I have never had a coat thrown on my hands for misfit since I have been using your Diagrams, and I would not lay them aside for every other Rule in America. Yours, with respect,
Signed JOSIAL FARRAR.

Perrysburg, Ohio, Jan. 31st, 1840.
Messrs. Ward, Basford & Co.

Sirs—In conclusion permit me to say that from an experience of about 12 years in cutting, and having used during that time most of the Rules that have been invented it gives me pleasure to be able to say to you that in my estimation your Protractor System stands unrivalled, and I would cheerfully recommend it to all master tailors, as well worthy their patronage.

I remain yours, very respectfully,
Signed BENJAMIN J. LEWIS.

In addition to that of publishing the Fashions, the publishers have commenced the business of Merchant Tailoring at No. 71 Chesnut street, where they hope to meet with a liberal share of public patronage. Subscribers at a distance will be furnished with Pattern Garments at a short notice and on reasonable terms.
mar 21—3t* WARD, BASFORD & WARD.

DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS.—So it is with those who neglect their COLDS and COUGH. At first you complain of having a Cold, which is neglected, after which a *soreness* is experienced in the *Bronchia*, with a Hacking Cough, and finally the disease settles upon the lungs which the patient will soon perceive by a wasting away of the body, attended with hectic fevers and *spitting up of florid blood* and matter from the lungs; a pain and weight is also experienced at the affected part of the lungs; the functions of the animal economy grow languid; the body becomes dry; the eyes sunk deep within their cavities; at length the patient pays the debt of nature, when he is flattering himself with the hopes of a speedy recovery. To obviate all those distressing symptoms—"Spare no Time" in procuring Dr. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY, at the very commencement of your *Colds and Coughs*, whereby many nights of sweet repose will be procured, and time and money saved, and above ALL your Health Secured. Therefore, REMEMBER, DELAYS are DANGEROUS!

The above medicine can always be obtained at the PRINCIPAL OFFICE, No. 19 North EIGHTH Street, Philadelphia; and respective agents throughout the United States.

COUGHS, COLDS AND CONSUMPTION.—Mrs. Wilson, of Lancaster county, Pa. entirely cured by the use of *Dr. Swayne's Syrup of Wild Cherry*—her symptoms were constant coughing, pain in her side, back and head, depraved appetite, spitting of blood, sweats at night, &c. After using two bottles of Dr. Swayne's Compound Syrup of Prunus Virginiana, or Wild Cherry, she found herself relieved, and by the time she had used the third bottle she found herself entirely cured of the aforesaid disease, which she had been afflicted with for three years. These are daily certificates of various persons, which add sufficient testimony of the great efficacy of this invaluable medicine.

Office for the sale of this medicine is at 19 North EIGHTH Street, Philadelphia.

CHILDREN CUTTING THEIR TEETH.—As there are hundreds of little children who die annually, I would recommend to Mothers and Nurses, Dr. PARIS' CELEBRATED SOOTHING SYRUP, for Children Cutting their Teeth, as I have found it to be the only medicine that would relieve my child. I have used it frequently, and always with the same beneficial effects. For sale at 19 North EIGHTH Street, Mrs. A. Hamill, Beach Street.

CURE YOUR COUGH before it is too late.—Remember delays are dangerous. Thousands die annually from that dreadful disease CONSUMPTION, which might have been checked at the commencement and disappointed of its prey if proper means had been resorted to. The very many who have thus been snatched from that fatal ravager, by the timely use of Dr. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY, bear testimony to this day announcing the cures, the wonderful cures performed by the use of this invaluable medicine.

FOR SALE ONLY at No. 19 North EIGHTH Street, Philadelphia, and respective agents.

Agents.—Mrs. PARKER, Beach street, Kensington. WM. G. COOK, Baltimore, and Agents throughout the United States.

CONSUMPTION AND BLEEDING OF THE LUNGS, of five years standing.—Miss Lewis, West Philadelphia, entirely cured by the use of *Dr. Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry.* "I feel truly happy to return my sincere thanks to the proprietor of this invaluable medicine. Having been afflicted for five years with that dreadful disease, CONSUMPTION, during which time I was troubled with the SPITTING OF BLOOD, attended with a hacking COUGH, pain in the side, breast and back. My cough was almost incessant, for which I tried various preparations to obtain relief, but found nothing to relieve me until I obtained Dr. Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry, which immediately gave me relief, and by using the medicine five weeks or thereabouts, it resulted in performing a perfect cure. I am happy to say that I now enjoy as good health as I can wish for. Your ever thankful and humble friend,
Miss S. Lewis."

The above medicine is for sale only at No. 19 N. EIGHTH street, and respective agents.

COLDS AND CONSUMPTION.—*Dr. Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry* is found by the afflicted generally to be the best article that has as yet been discovered for removing the seat of those diseases. This Syrup gives immediate relief, causes the phlegm to raise free and easy, at the same time giving strength to the system. For sale at No. 19 North EIGHTH Street, Philadelphia.

IT IS ESTIMATED by physicians generally that one-fourth of the human family die annually of CONSUMPTION. As that is the case, why neglect your Colds and Coughs, which are the root of Consumption? Thousands and tens of thousands could have been saved if they could have procured a remedy in due season. *Dr. Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry* is recommended to be a medicine that will immediately arrest this disease. A single trial will convince many of its effect who have given up all hopes of a recovery. For sale at No. 19 N. EIGHTH Street, Philadelphia.

DR. HARLICH'S COMPOUND STRENGTHENING AND GERMAN APERIENT PILLS are a safe and efficient medicine, and can be taken by the most delicate female. They seldom fail in curing Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, pain in the Side and Breast, Sick Headache, Loss of Appetite, Palpitation of the Heart, Nervous Tremors, Lowness of Spirits, (which too many are subject to,) Hypochondriacism, Hysterical Faintings, Vomiting, &c. Use these pills according to directions, and a perfect cure will be the result. For sale at No. 19 North EIGHTH Street, Philadelphia.

RHEUMATISM ENTIRELY cured by the use of Dr. O. P. HARLICH'S COMPOUND STRENGTHENING AND GERMAN APERIENT PILLS.

Mr. SOLOMON WILSON, of Chester county, Pa. afflicted for two years with the above distressing disease, of which he had to use his crutches for eighteen months, his symptoms were excruciating pain in all his joints, especially in his hip, shoulder, and ancles, pain increasing always toward evening, attended with heat. Mr. Wilson, was at one time not able to move his limbs on account of the pain being so great; he being advised by a friend of his to procure Dr. HARLICH'S PILLS, of which he sent to the Agent in West Chester and procured some; on using the medicine the third day the pain disappeared and his strength increasing fast, and in three weeks was able to attend to his business, which he had not done for eighteen months; for the benefit of others afflicted, he wishes those lines published that they may be relieved, and again enjoy the pleasures of a healthy life.

*Principal Office, 19 North 8th Street, Philada. Pittsburg Office, 41 St. Clair Street.* jan 25—3m

CLOCK ESTABLISHMENT.—Smith & Brothers, 7½ Bowery, New York, manufacturers and dealers in Clocks of every description, respectfully inform dealers, that they are prepared to furnish a superior article of CLOCKS, Time Pieces, and Regulators at their establishment in N. York, or at H. M. Richard's wholesale Jewellery store No. 9 North Sixth street, Philadelphia, where an extensive assortment of all kinds will be kept for sale at the lowest factory prices. The assortment consists of Eight Day Brass and Wood Clocks, Thirty Hour do. of various styles and prices, also Alarm Clocks and Time Pieces, Watch Makers Regulators, Gallery, Bank and Office Clocks, and Time Pieces, also Church Steeple or Town Clocks to carry one or four pair of hands, and strike the hour. Prices from 200 to 600 dollars. mar 21—1y*

HOLMESBURG BOARDING SCHOOL FOR BOYS.—To commence April 7th 1840. In this Seminary will be taught orthography, Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Book Keeping by Single and Double Entry, English Grammar, Geography, Ancient and Modern with the use and delineation of Maps, Ancient and Modern History, Composition, Natural Philosophy, Astronomy, Practical Surveying, and a general course of Mathematics.

Painting on Paper in various styles, Drawing, Gilding, &c.

The terms of admission will be $25 per quarter, of 12 weeks, payable in advance, for Boarding and Tuition, and $2 for Washing and Mending.

Pupils to furnish their own towels.

Stationary supplied at city prices.

Two weeks vacation will be given in September, and two in April. WALTER M. HIBBS.

**REFERENCES.**

Rev. F. W. Beasley, Holmesburg.
Michael Everett, No. 218 North Third st. Philadelphia.
L. W. Glenn, No. 84 South Third st. opposite Exchange.
Chas. Everett, S. W. corner of Fourth and Chesnut sts.
Daniel Murphy, Frankford Road, Kensington.
Thomas W. Bailey, Augusta, Georgia. mar 28—4t*

# THE OLIO.

Variety's the spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

[illegible]

Yes, I will see thee happy yet,
Again will see thee smile,
When time has taught thee to forget
Man's treachery and guile.

Again the hue of health shall bloom
Upon thy cheek in pride,
Like [illegible] beneath [illegible]
With light, the [illegible] tide.

Thy eye again shall brightly beam
With floods of sunny gladness,
And young Hope with her fairy dreams
Shall chase away all sadness.

With thee life's pathway yet shall be
Strewed with Summer's flowers,
The star that rose so dark on thee
Shall set in brighter hours.

Forget the past, thy wither'd heart
To other joys may cling,
But know that he who [illegible] the dart
Has felt its bitter sting.

Philadelphia, [illegible]. S. M.

Tarring and Feathering.—It has generally been considered that the punishment of tarring and feathering is one of those bright and happy inventions with which our native American genius hath enriched the science of penal legislation. But a European historian, envious no doubt of the renown of our country, endeavors to deprive us of this honor, "and pluck this laurel from our wisdom's brow," by asserting that the legislative mode of chastisement in question is as old as the Crusades.—Anquetil, in his *Histoire de France*, Tome 2, Edit. de 1805 has the following passage:—"They [the two crusading kings, Richard Coeur-de-Lion, and Philip Augustus] afterward made in concert the laws of police which should be observed in both armies. No women, except washerwomen, were permitted to accompany the troops. Whoever killed another was according to the place where the crime should be committed to be cast into the sea, or buried alive, bound to the corpse of the murdered person. Whoever wounded another, was to have his hand cut off,—whoever struck another should be plunged three times in the sea; and whoever committed theft, should have *warm pitch poured over his head*, which then should be *powdered with feathers*, and the offender should afterward be left, abandoned, on the first shore."—*Port Folio.*

The Tombs of Pompeii.—On each side of the road beyond the gate are built the tombs. How unlike ours! They seem not so much hiding places for that which must decay, as voluptuous chambers for immortal spirits! They are of marble, radiantly white; and two, especially are loaded with exquisite bas reliefs. These tombs were the most impressive things of all. The wild woods surround them on each side; and along the broad stones of the paved road which divides them, you hear the late leaves of autumn shiver and rustle in the stream of the inconstant wind, as it were, like the step of ghosts. The radiance and magnificence of these dwellings of the dead, the white freshness of the scarcely finished marble, the impassioned or imaginative life of the figures which adorn them, contrast strangely with the simplicity of the houses of those who were living when Vesuvius overwhelmed them.—*Shelley.*

A Valuable Subscriber.—"I want to subscribe for your paper."

"What name, sir?"

"O, just lend me a pen, I'll write you the direction myself."

Paper and pen was furnished, and this was the direction handed to us.

"*Post Master at ——— Town, ——— state, When read, please forward to Hiram Jenkins, with a request to send it over the creek to Uncle Perkins, who will send it back to the Post Office, directed to Irad Screwhard in the State.*" A few more such subscribers, and our fortune will be made.

Ducal Argument.—There was lately at Brunswick an opera-singer named Romer, who, having a pretty wife, was much caressed by the ex-duke; but being a bad singer and a poor pump of an actor, he was violently attacked, night after night, by the disapprobation of the public. He was at length unable to bear with this treatment, and begged for his dismissal, saying that the people were all dissatisfied with him. The duke, to whom he applied, clapped him familiarly on the back, and said, "Don't be an ass! why the people are dissatisfied with me, but I don't budge."

Males vs. Females in the West.—The following was endorsed on a letter lately received at the Natchez post office. "The postmaster will confer a favor by informing Mr. Wallace of this letter, or sending it to him by the first opportunity, as he moved into your country about the first of December last, and I think lives at a distance from your post office. If you are a single man, it will be worth your trouble to go, for he has a very pretty daughter."

Cross-Reading.—Readers of newspapers often find amusement in what is called *cross-reading*. The following may be called *sign-reading*. In the front of two adjoining houses in this city, we literally read this brief history of a duel: James *Shot*—and Jonathan *Fell*.

Deductory Reasoning.—As you see the spark fly upward—sometimes not falling to earth till it be darkened and quenched—thus soars whither it recks not, so that the direction be *above*, the luminous spirit of him who aspires to truth.

Madame de Sevigne.—"One day," says Menage, "I had hold of one of Madame de Sevigne's hands between mine. Upon drawing it away, M. Pelletier who was present, said, 'Menage, with all your talents, that is the finest work that ever came from your hands.'"

The Retort Courteous.—A bishop not over remarkable for mortal rectitude, once met a poor tradesman, a great wag, extravagantly dressed—"Sir," said the bishop, "that dress does not suit you." "Neither my lord, do you suit your dress," said the wag.

The Difference.—A young lady being asked the difference between hypo and dumps, replied; "A young lady has the hypo when she feels as if she was just going to be married, and the dumps when she feels as if she was to stay awhile."

Praise.—

I scarcely praise a flippant shrew—
She taunted and decided;
"I wish," says she, "I could praise you—
Tell Madam; So—as I shall."

A Pointed Joke.—A lady, who was in the habit of spending much of her time in the society of her neighbors, happened one day to be taken suddenly ill, and sent her husband in great haste for the physician. The husband ran a few rods, but soon returned, exclaiming, "My dear, where shall I find you when I get back?"

Impossible.—The secretary of Mirabeau said to him, one day, "Monsieur le Comte, the thing you require is impossible."—"Impossible!" cried Mirabeau, starting from his chair, "never again use that *foolish word* in my presence."

Puffing.—An inventor of water proof boots says that Methuselah lived to be nearly a thousand years old, and might have lived five hundred years more just as well as not, if he hadn't foolishly got his feet wet.

Cook.—Coleman being once asked if he knew Theodore Hook, answered, "Oh yes, Hook and *Eye* are old associates."

Growing.—The Picayune tells us of a town in its neighborhood that has grown so rapidly of late, that it has pulled itself up by the roots.

From the London Metropolitan for March.

## A LESSON IN DANCING, AND A CLERICAL DANCING MASTER.

"Have you read Baruch?" was the question which La Fontaine was in the habit of propounding to every person he met. "Have you read Young?" we should take the liberty of asking, were not the inquiry a useless one. Who has not wandered, with the poet of the "Night Thoughts," under the gloomy cypress trees of the church-yards his imagination loved to depict? for, in spite of their dark and sombre coloring, his portraitures possess attraction which it is almost impossible to resist. Such is the constitution of the heart; in its alternations of reverie, the image of grief and suffering is not without a certain charm; and we all know, and must have felt, that there is a pleasure even in melancholy.

And yet how much in Young is false and exaggerated? How little he possesses of that gentle and unaffected sadness which finds its way at once to the heart and twines around its strings while it softens and relaxes them! In fact, in his strained and pompous elegies, there is something labored and artificial, which checks the illusion, and compels us to think of the author instead of the sentiment. There are fine verses and fine images, but very little nature. True grief, the grief which consoles the heart as if with a band of iron, does not so coquettishly and carefully arrange the crape folds of its mourning. The declamation of Young is constantly directed against solitude; hence we infer that reverie and contemplation were not habitual to him; yet the Parnassus of the poets is a solitary mountain. Be this as it may, it would have seemed at one time that the most emphatic of our elegiac poets was not predestined to sigh away his soul in lugubrious accents. In his youth, when the horizon of his future life was brilliant clouds, he was among the gayest and merriest, hurrying joyfully along the path of life, and gathering the smiling flowers that embroidered its walks. It was not until multiplied chagrins and bitter disappointments had shivered the prism which reflected so bright a tint on the objects of his hopes and fancy, that he gave utterance to those lamentations which conjure up so despairing an image of human nature.

When Young left the University he was a Master of Arts, and brought away with him a vast stock of Greek and Latin. But the fire of a fine imagination was not extinguished under the heavier acquisition of his scholastic pursuits; its vivida vis and enthusiasm had survived, and when he began the world, his heart was new and peculiarly susceptible to each impression. Thus constituted, a person will not go far without meeting Love on his road; and Young soon discovered it in the charming smile and piquant grace of Anna Rowley, to whom he offered a timid homage, which was accepted without hesitation. The society in which his fair one moved necessarily became the centre of his universe, and the ladies that composed it possessed in him a most devoted and assiduous cavalier.

One fine summer evening he escorted them to the river-side, not then so thickly built upon as now. It was in the middle of summer, and the hour, was that delightful one when the wings of the breeze bring coolness with them to refresh all nature, which was languid and exhausted by the heat of one of those oppressive days which ever and anon give us a taste of the fervid hours of a torrid clime. Bustle and activity prevailed around; the river was instinct with life and motion, and a thousand boats, gallantly equipped and manned, furrowed its broad bosom; a thousand confused sounds floated in the air; and the John Bull of the olden time seemed to be in the full enjoyment of his proverbial merriment—that picturesque John Bull of the second quarter of the eighteenth century, in cocked-hat, and laced cravat, embroidered and bright-colored coat, knee-breeches, and high-quartered shoes.

Young enjoyed the scene with a poet's eye, and found ample materials for the indulgence of his satirical turn, when one of the ladies proposed that they should all go to Vauxhall, as it was a public night. The proposition was received with acclamation, and a wherry was soon freighted with the joyous company. By way of amusing his fair friends, Young drew from his pocket a flute, on which he excelled, and his notes were so perfect that a crowd of boats soon gathered around; among others was one filled with young officers, which pulled hastily up, and took a station alongside that of the musician. As Young only played for the gratification of his company and himself, he did not choose to be made a public spectacle; so he soon ceased, and returned his flute into its case. One of the officers took offence at this; and, thinking that his game was sure with a young man in a clergyman's dress, and whose aspect was any thing but martial, he ordered the player to produce his flute and begin anew. Young shrugged his shoulders at this piece of impertinence, but took no farther notice of it; it was followed by threats and curses, which had no greater effect upon the person against whom they were directed. The officer, who was very angry that his orders were disobeyed, and his menaces despised, directed his rowers to close with the boat of the refractory musician, and swore that he would fling him into the Thames unless he immediately began playing. The alarm of the ladies was intense, and seeing that the soldier was about putting his threat into execution, they entreated Young to yield to the exigency; but the indignant flutist still resisted.

"Edward!" exclaimed a soft voice at his side; "will you do nothing to oblige me?"

"Do you wish me, Anna, to submit to the degrading insolence of such a brute?"

"Yes, I do; I beg it, if you have any regard for me."

Young drew out his flute without another word, and played several gay airs, whilst the triumphant soldier beat time with ostentation, applauded vehemently, and looked around as if to impress upon the auditors the idea of his irresistible importance.

The company soon after reached Vauxhall, where the parties separated. But although Young's exterior was calm, he felt a deep resentment for the insult to which he had been subjected in his mistress's presence. Her accents had soothed his wrath, but it could not extinguish the desire of vengeance, and of making his oppressor ridiculous in his turn; so he determined not to lose sight of the aggressor, and to take the first opportunity, when he was alone, of speaking to him. An occasion soon offered, when he coolly addressed him—

"Sir," said he, "you have got an awkward habit of speaking too loudly."

"Ah!" rejoined the other, "that's because I make a point of being obeyed at the first word."

"But that depends upon your hearers; and I have a different opinion."

"Have you? and yet it seems that just now——"

"Oh, but you must know why I submitted to your rudeness."

"Well, what is your wish now, sir?"

"To give you to understand that if I produced my flute it was not to gratify you, but solely to oblige the ladies under my escort, and who were frightened at your long sword and loud oaths; but they are not here now; so——"

"You know this is a challenge, and your cloth——"

"Why should it? You have affronted me, and owe me satisfaction."

The soldier smiled disdainfully as he said—"As you please, sir; you shall be satisfied. When and in what place shall it be?"

"To-morrow, at day-break, in Battersea fields, without seconds, as the affair only concerns you and me, and my profession compels me to have some regard to the proprieties of society."

"Be it so; what are your arms?"

"The sword," replied the juvenile member of the church militant.

The conditions being thus arranged, the young men joined their respective parties.

On the following morning they were both punctual to their appointment. The officer had drawn his rapier, when Young produced a large horse-pistol from beneath his cloak, and took a steady aim at his antagonist.

"What do you mean?" asked the astonished soldier; "have you brought weapons to assassinate me?"

"Perhaps; but that will depend upon yourself. Last night I played upon the flute; this morning it is your turn to dance."

"I would die first; you have taken an unworthy advantage of this stratagem."

"As you did yesterday of the ladies' presence; but come, captain, you must begin your minuet."

"I shall do nothing of the kind, sir; your conduct is most ungentlemanly."

"No strong language here, captain; dance at once, or I will fire."

These words, which were uttered with much sternness, and accompanied with a corresponding gesture, produced the effect desired. The officer, finding himself in a retired place, and at the mercy of a man whom he had grievously offended, and who seemed determined to exact reparation after his own fashion, did as he was desired, and stepped through the figure of a minuet, while Young whistled a slow and appropriate measure.

When it was finished, Young said—"sir, you have danced remarkably well; much better, in its way, than my flute-playing. We are now even; or, if you wish, we will begin another dance, in which I will be your vis-a-vis." Saying which, he drew his sword.

But the dancer very justly thought he had received a proper lesson, and more favorably appreciating the man he had so wantonly insulted, thought it would be better to have him for a friend than an enemy. He therefore held out his hand to Young, shook it cordially; and in perfect harmony, and arm-in-arm, they quitted the spot which might have been fatal to one of them, but had, fortunately, only served to give and take a lesson in dancing. P.

From the Old Monthly Magazine.

*The Quiet Dead.*

O the quiet dead! the quiet dead
They sleep at rest in their straitened room;
The earth-worm's palace provides their bed.
To banquet the earth worm is their doom.
The sun may shine bright, the stars may rise,
The world may travel its weary round,
But never a ray can reach the eyes
Of those who slumber beneath the ground!

The miser's God was the yellow ore,
The daily toil of his niggard life;
Each added coin that increased his store
Was dearer than friend, or child, or wife.
But now he sleeps where no thirst of gain
Can light up his pulse benumbed and cold;
Though near his coffin may lurk the vein
Of all he valued—the precious gold.

The lover, once in his mistress fair,
Enraptured hung on her tender smile;
And where she lingered the very air
Of Heaven seemed purer to him the while.
But now he sleeps where no fond caress
Can ever his dewy slumber break;
And vainly her melted lip would press;
Can her warmest kiss the dead awake?

The miser's young heir is wild and gay,
Freely he squanders the old man's store;
The lust of pleasure, the rage of play,
At length will land him on ruin's shore.
The lover's mistress has dried her tears,
Another feasts on the ruby lip
Whose treasures were his in by gone years,
Whose sweets were only for him to sip.

Then better far that within the earth
The miser lie in his final sleep;
For he sees not there the reckless mirth
Which scatters hoards that he loved to keep.
And better far that the lover's rest
Should be where he sleeps in silence now—
He hears not her, whom his soul loved best,
Forget her faith for another's vow.

O the quiet dead! the quiet dead!
They sleep at rest in their straitened room;
The earth-worm's palace provides their bed,
To banquet the earth-worm is their doom.
The sun may shine bright, the stars may rise,
The world may travel its weary round,
But never a ray can reach the eyes
Of those who slumber beneath the ground.

D. G. O.

## LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

### THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN.

BY WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

As the whole community is agitated with measures adopted to assert the rights advance the interests of the laboring men, it would be well to consider for a moment the claims of industrious women.

There is a strange and cruel mockery in the conduct of the lords of creation to the weaker sex. They are fond of speaking in extravagant terms of the excellence of woman, they delight in manifesting their refinement by unmeaning compliments and exhibit their gallantry in a thousand superfluous attentions. Here their justice ends. They call themselves the defenders of woman—do they protect her? they praise her virtue—does their conduct manifest a real respect? they compassionate her weakness—do they sustain her poverty, cheer her loneliness with the voice of encouragement, or do aught, in any shape, to supply her wants, or alleviate her afflictions? The world is a scene of violence, where every man scrambles for his share of the plunder—but weak woman is constrained by her physical inferiority to stand apart and gaze hopelessly upon the struggle, with little to sustain her or her little ones but the stray fragments which may fall in her way. She is still, as in the olden time, a gleaner in the harvest of life; and though her responsibilities are equal to those of man, she is expected to supply her wants and perform all her duties upon the miserable pittance which the reaper leaves behind him as unworthy to be gathered. Such is the justice, such the kindness of woman to man.

It may be admitted that man is gentle and affectionate to those of the other sex who may be related to him. Strange if he were not. How unnatural would be the ingratitude that would requite a mother's pains, a wife's solicitude, a sister's tenderness, with harshness. How strangely cold and heartless must be the bosom which, not only insensible to the loveliness, gentleness and purity of woman, should also prove alien to the ties of nature. Man has not been unnatural for the necessities of his being forbid it. But what has he done for that portion of the sex disconnected with himself—the lone, the friendless? What support or encouragement does the widow with her flock of little ones, or the unprotected orphan, or the aged and friendless female, receive from man? How is her labor requited—how are her rights maintained? What encouragement do the laws extend to her—what support is offered by society—what champions spring forth in her cause?

The sturdy laborer complains that his wages are low, and thousands in a moment unite and procure for him redress; but the widow may toil with superior assiduity and receive less than the tithe of the wages of the man—and who strikes for her? Is her labor less useful or necessary? By no means. Are her orphans more readily or cheaply sustained than the children of the laborer? Of course they are not. Yet she is allowed to toil unceasingly, and receives a paltry pittance, which if quadrupled, would be spurned by a man laborer with scorn.

Again, the man complains, justly perhaps, that twelve hours labor is too much for his herculean frame, and he strikes for an amelioration of his condition. The press is clamorous in support of the poor laborer; orators and politicians espouse his cause; and he triumphs. But the lone widow sits at her solitary labor, plying the needle with her hands, and rocking the cradle with her foot. The sun rises and sets upon her, and the stars almost fade from the sky, before, with a fevered and exhausted frame, she sinks upon the couch. But who, we ask again, strikes for the lone widow? Who compassionates her wrongs, and asserts her rights? Perhaps it will be asserted that women has no rights. Men are entitled to high wages—but women should not expect it; men must not labor more than ten hours—but women being weak and unable to depend her fair share of the advantages that result from labor, must consent to be, as she has been the drudge and slave of those who prate about her beauty and their chivalry.

*[illegible]*

The following piece of "right excellent foolery," is from the pen of the [illegible] of laughter-moving memory. Who but he would have thought of a disquisition upon "steam-cow locomotives," and moreover discussed the question thereof with such exquisite humor?

"I have turned this subject of steam-music extensively over in my mind, of late; and I have married myself to the idea, after a very short courtship, that is a kind of thing that must go on. At the first blush, indeed it might appear chimerical; but I ask the sceptic why the steam-whistle of a locomotive should not discourse in tunes more soft and winning? Why cannot a locomotive ask a cow to leave a railroad-track in a politer manner than in that discordant shriek, which excites the animal's indignation, and wounds her every sentiment of quadrupedal independence? I protest against such conduct. We presume a locomotive to hum, and [illegible], and deport itself pragmatically; but its conversation by the way ought to be chastened into something like propriety; and please Apollo, I think it will I once saw an animal of this stamp killed instantly by the crushing tread of a train; and I thought I saw in the singular turn of her upper lip, as her torn-out heart lay yet palpitating on the rails, a peculiar curl of disdain, in her dying moments, at the treatment she had met. I put this down, because I hope it will be remembered as a warning to whistlers in especial, and the great generation of calves unborn. * * * I have lately had a reverie, superinduced by looking at some observations that had been made upon the charming theory of my friend. I thought of the time when such a thing as steam-music should at least equal the common mouth music, if not surpass it, and distance conclusively the airs wherewith godly puritans of yore went to chant the immortal metre of Sternhold and Hopkins. Imagination took a wide range—and presently I was in a dream.

"And methought in my dream, that I was in the second story parlor of the 'Atlantic and Pacific Hotel and United States Half-way House,' on the very top of the Rocky Mountains. This hotel was built of marble, with splendid Corinthian pillars, gracing a portico nearly three hundred feet long. Meseemed I had just arrived there by railroad, in four hours and a half from Philadelphia, which I remembered, as I left, was on each side of the Schuylkill, that being central, as the Thames is in London. We did not stop at Pittsburgh, or any of those immense metropolies, but whizzed at the rate I have mentioned. My destination was to the city of Memphis, on the shore of the Pacific, where I expected to arrive at two o'clock the next day.

"A considerable village stretched along the mountain, although the place was not in existence three weeks before. After a sumptuous repast, and a beautiful view of the country, east and west, which I may hereafter describe, I took up the village newspaper. It was entitled the 'New Babylon Observer, and Register of the World.' The copy I held in my hand bore the date of May the seventeenth, nineteen hundred and forty. It was sent round the place by a rail-car, and was thrown into the dwellings by Machinery, conducted by steam. The first paragraph that struck my eye were these, amply emblazoned, suddenly to catch the general eye:

'REPORTED FOR THE NEW BABYLON OBSERVER.

'TERRIFIC CIRCUMSTANCE!

'It becomes our painful but imperative and extraordinary duty to promulgate the facts of a disaster which reached us to-day, by the mail from Thebes, via the perpendicular railroad. As a party were ascending, with the locomotive playing a lively tune, assisted on the piano-forte by another locomotive, that had been hired by Signor Goitini, preparatory to his first concert in New Babylon, some religious persons of the 'United States' Established Mormon Church,' insisted that the tune, being irreverent, should be changed. This offensive tune was no less than the well known and popular song, (supposed to have been written in England previous to the subjugation of the place by the Russians,) entitled 'Proceed it, ye Crippled Ones, Babylon's Nigh.' This complimentary course on the part of the locomotive, and the gentlemanly engineer with whom it associates, was hissed by the Mormons, until they were overcome by the *encores* of the majority. The locomotive was of course embarrassed, but we understand, continued to play. One of the Mormons, enraged beyond measure at this circumstance, rushed forward through the door-ways of the train, and wantonly turned the stop-cock of 'What's Become of Good Old Daniel?' one of the slowest tunes of the day. The consequence was that the train proceeded with the greatest discord, because the latter tune was for the back-track, in descending the mountain. The result was, the cars were thrown off the rails, down a precipice of nearly three hundred feet; but owing to the exertions of Mr. Inclination Plain, first engineer, they were got back by his Upward Impulse Screw, which has thus far answered admirably, stopping cars in mid-air, if they run off a precipice, and returning them safely, by means of the patent steam wind bags, which extend beneath the trains, and destroy their gravity.

"We are authorised to state, that no blame attaches to the quick-tune party; whereas the slow-tune faction were entirely in the wrong. Thus has a science, invented by a monk of the Unitarian order, in the city of Alleghania, (then called New York,) and which worked its way into so much respect and favor, been the cause of danger, by the pertinacity of a few. We trust it will not occur again; if it do, we shall proclaim it to the tune of the Rogue's March, through the whole of the New-Babylon, in our Steam-car Extra. No doubt our dastardly contemporary, of the 'War-horse of Freedom and America's Champion,' whose prospectus and types arrived last night, and whose first number appears to-morrow, will endeavor to contradict this statement. We dare him to his teeth to do so. He knows, while the snaky blood writhes at his caitiff heart, and the malignity of twenty-three demons, (we think we should be justified in mentioning more) glares from his diabolic eye, that what we state is fact; and that each member of the quick-tune party in asserting his inalienable musical rights, was as innocent as an unbegotten merino." * * *

*The Norwegian Carriole.*

The carriole, as I said before, is an elegant but an unsocial conveyance. In England they would be called Sulkies. They are as exclusive as a game at *solitaire*. You can share them with your neighbor no more than you can share your wife with him. A lad sits behind you, but he counts for nothing. A carriole is no more meant for two than a side saddle is meant for a pair. To sit in them properly you should be somewhat round shouldered. The body of them is somewhat like that mythological shell in which Venus is supposed to have been cradled on the ocean, as you see her upon antique gems, and in Spence's Mythology, with her hair for a dressing gown, and two Triton's for supporters. Light and elastic are the shafts, and flexible as bows, of the same hue as the body, i. e. chocolate-colored, and made of the deal *brave on Norwegian hills*, which resists the dry-rot. Behind, is a kind of miniature music-stool, by way of a dicky. At least, it would serve as a music-stool if the parts whereon we sit were of no larger calibre than are those whereon we stand, and if bustles were non-existent. Marvellously small is this small carriole-dicky. The post-lad has to sit on it. He is perched uncomfortably. He fidgets irregularly and at intervals, with a short uneasy motion. As the shafts are, so are the wheels, light, elegant, and chocolate colored. You are your own driver. The foot-board is as long as, but not longer than your legs. You sit with them extended. Your toes and knees are on one and the same plane. They are projected from your trunk at a right angle. Your feet are on a level with the middle of the horse's tail, and your hatband on a line with his ears. You do not look down on your steed. An untamed pony-chaise in England, and a carriole in Norway, are much of a height. You see less of the country than would be visible from a chaise-box. A tandem-driver would make an effort to descry you, so much are you below his altitude. There is nothing elaborate about the harness. You must be able to rig your steed for yourself, since it is at times, but seriously put on; and when you get to a hill, let the horse choose his own pace, giving him his head. Nobody but an Englishman, puts his trust in bearing-reins. If you drive as you ought to do, you will stand in no need of whips. There is little occasion for any jaunty squaring of your elbows. Expostulations should stand in place of the lash. Talk to your horse. You had better not know how to converse with his master. A dog-whip in England is a gig-whip elsewhere, the handle being short, and the lash long—a flagellation lambic.—*Latham's Norway.*

*Spring.*

There is but little to be seen in a great city which marks the changes of the seasons; the busy denizen plods on, from day to day, unmindful of the "outward shows of sky and earth," till, by the warmth of the weather, demanding a change in his apparel, he is admonished that spring has passed and the summer begun. The most delightful season of the year, the season of buds and blossoms, is entirely lost to a large majority of our inhabitants. Happy, indeed, is he who can escape from the turmoils of business, in the pleasant month of May, to the green valleys and blooming orchards of the country. The selfish and corroding passions engendered by the absorbing pursuits of trade, are softened and subdued by frequent intercourse and communings with nature; the feelings are liberalised, the soul expanded, and the heart purified by her gentle ministerings. These thoughts were suggested by observing a variety of flowers, in pots, standing before Hirst & Dreer's seed store, in Chesnut st. a morning or two since; the weather was mild and summer-like, and these little earth-stars had a magical effect upon our feelings.

"Not useless are ye, flowers! though made for pleasure,
Blooming o'er field and wave, by day and night,
From every source your sanction bids me treasure
Harmless delight."

"Were I, O God! in churchless lands remaining,
Far from all voice of teachers or divines,
My soul would find in flowers of thy ordaining,
Priests, sermons, shrines!"

## JUVENILE DEPARTMENT

From Pictures of Early Life.

*Perseverance.*

BY MRS. E. C. EMBURY.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

[Concluded.]

"Rodolph was perfectly contented in his new condition, until he was made sensible of an important deficiency in himself. Mr. Wilhelm, his employer, had a little daughter a few years younger than Rodolph, who soon became a great favorite with him. As brown as a berry, as brisk as a bee, and as merry as a lark Gertrude Wilhelm spent half her time in school, but the other half amid her father's garden. She was far more advanced in education than Rodolph, and though he dearly loved his little playmate, he was obliged to feel mortified at his own inferiority to her. This first awakened in him a desire for knowledge, and, to his active mind, the will was sufficient to ensure the power. He applied to Mr. Wilhelm for permission to cultivate, for his own use a small bit of waste land. Having obtained it, he immediately commenced the cultivation of a few rare flowers. His success was quite equal to his hopes, and in the course of a little time, he was enabled to carry to market bouquets of roses, camellias, and carnations, whenever he took a load of vegetables for Mr. Wilhelm.

"Rodolph was now sixteen years of age, with a sturdy frame, a ruddy complexion, and a countenance expressive of frankness and good humor. In all practical matters, he was sensible and intelligent; but in study, he was rather plodding and industrious, than highly gifted. He had determined, however, to obtain an education, and he had two much energy of character to be daunted by the prospect of severe intellectual exercise.

He sought out some place where he might be admitted as an occasional scholar, and was fortunate in obtaining the opportunity of private instruction, from a person well qualified for the task, who resided a few miles distant.

"For several years, this state of things existed undisturbed. Rodolph labored in the garden all summer, cultivating his own portion at his leisure hours, and devoting his winters to study. Many a time did he trudge through the sleet and snow, conning his lesson as he travelled over the long miles which lay between his home and his school. But a resolute spirit conquered all his difficulties, and at the age of twenty-one Rodolph found himself a pretty good scholar, and the possessor of two hundred dollars.

"About this time Mr. Wilhelm's health began to fail; and as he had nothing but his farm to bequeath his daughter, he naturally felt some anxiety about her future welfare. But Rodolph's affection for her, removed all his fears; and before his death, the old man had the satisfaction of seeing her united in marriage to the excellent young man. Hitherto the farm had been only cultivated to produce common market vegetables; but when it came into the hands of Rodolph, he determined to make something more than a bare subsistence from the soil. He undertook to rear those very delicate early vegetables, which always command a high price, and accordingly appropriated all his savings to the purchase of frames, glasses, and the proper apparatus for forcing precocious plants. He had already calculated upon realising at least a thousand dollars, when his hopes were blighted at a single stroke. About a week before they would have arrived at perfection, the country was visited by a violent hail-storm. Masses of ice as large as pigeons' eggs fell in vast quantities; so that the ground was completely hidden beneath them. Nothing could resist the force of these sharp and cutting hail-stones. The glasses which protected Rodolph's plants, were dashed to pieces; and every vegetable was cut down to the earth. All were ruined; not a cent's worth could be saved; and in addition to the loss of anticipated profits, the destruction of his garden-frames and hothouse-glasses was almost ruinous to him.

"But Rodolph wasted no time in useless regrets. His vegetables were destroyed, but the soil yet remained; and he quickly effaced all traces of his unlucky scheme, by again commencing the culture of flowers. He was just recovering from the effects of his loss, his land was beautifully laid out and filled with flowers, his greenhouse was enriched by rare and flourishing plants, and he was just preparing to open his garden to the public, in order to sell his flowers with less labor to himself, when he suddenly received tidings, that, in consequence of a defect in Mr. Wilhelm's title to the property, another person claimed the farm. This was too true. The old man had incautiously purchased the ground without proper legal advice, and there was now no remedy.

"This last misfortune was almost disheartening, even to his cheerful spirit; for he had now a wife dependant upon his exertions. But he summoned up new courage, and, with the wreck of his property, determined to emigrate to the far west. It would take too much time to narrate all the hardships and perils which he and his young wife encountered, in their long and toilsome journey. Ohio was then considered the limit of that western country which now seems bounded only by the Pacific Ocean; and when Rodolph settled himself upon a section of land, in the neighborhood of a small colony of emigrants like himself, he felt as if he had reached the remotest bounds of civilisation. In pursuing the career of a backwoodsman, he found the long-tried virtues of patient endurance and persevering effort called into full requisition.

"As settlements grew up around him, Rodolph's land of course improved in value, and it was not many years, before the farm, which he had rescued from the wild animals of the woods, was divided into town-lots, and sold at an enormous profit upon their original cost. Rodolph rose to various posts of honor and eminence, as he advanced in life; and after representing the new State in Congress, was solicited to become candidate for governor, which, however, his increasing age compelled him to decline. Perseverance met with its reward, and the little German "Redemptioner," who began his career as a cabin-boy, ended his days in peace and prosperity, a wealthy and honored magistrate."

"O, father! what an interesting story! but you forgot to tell me his name; you only called him Rodolph."

"His name was Rodolph Kradener."

"Kradener!—why, that is our own name."

"True, my son, and Rodolph Kradener was your own grandfather."

*How and When to Woo.*

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

Dost thou idly ask to hear
At what gentle seasons
Nymphs relent when lovers near
Press the tenderest passions?
Ah, they give their faith too oft
To the careless wooer;
Maidens' hearts are always soft,
Would that men's were truer!

Woo the fair one, when around
Early birds are singing;
When, o'er all the fragrant ground,
Early herbs are springing;
When the brookside, bank and grove,
All with blossoms laden,
Shine with beauty, breath of love—
Woo the timid maiden.

Woo her, when, with rosy blush,
Summer eve is sinking;
When, on rills that softly gush,
Stars are softly winking;
When, through boughs that knit the bower
Moonlight gleams are stealing;
Woo her, till the gentle hour
Wakes a gentler feeling.

Woo her, when autumnal dyes
Tinge the woody mountain;
When the dropping foliage lies
In the half choked fountain;
Let the scene, that tells how fast
Youth is passing over,
Warn her, ere her bloom is past,
To secure her lover.

Woo her, when the northwinds call
At the lattice nightly;
When, within the cheerful hall,
Blaze the faggots brightly;
While the wintry tempest round
Sweeps the landscape hoary,
Sweeter in her ear shall sound
Love's delightful story.

## NEWS FOR THE FARMER.

From the Farmer's Companion.

*Agriculture Considered as an Employment.*

§ 3. *As a Means of Individual Happiness.*

[Concluded.]

One of our good and great men has said—"If happiness is to be found upon earth, it must certainly be sought in the indulgence of those benign emotions which spring from rural cares and rural labors." "As Cicero," he continues, "sums up all human knowledge in the character of a perfect orator, so we might, with much more propriety claim every virtue, and embrace every science, where we draw that of an accomplished farmer. He is the legislator of an extensive family; and not only man, but the brute creation are subject to his laws. He is the magistrate, who expounds and carries these laws into operation. He is the physician, who heals the wounds, and cures the diseases, of his various patients. He is the divine, who studies and enforces the precepts of reason. And he is the grand almoner of the Creator, who is continually dispensing his bounties not only to his fellow-mortals but to the fowls of the air, and to the beasts of the field."

Though there are many ways and devices by which men endeavor to obtain wealth and happiness, there is perhaps no employment in which these are obtained with so much certainty,—few which apparently better fulfil the beneficent designs of the Creator—than that assigned to our first parents—the cultivation of the soil. It has, to be sure, like all other avocations, its cares and its toils—its storms;—yet its cares and its toils often turn out to be substantial blessings; and, unlike most other avocations, it has more of the roses than the thorns of life. "Agriculture," wrote Socrates, "is an employment most worthy the application of man, the most ancient, and the most suitable to his nature; it is the common nurse of all persons, in every age and condition of life: it is the source of health, strength, plenty, and riches, and of a thousand sober delights and honest pleasures. It is the mistress and school of sobriety, temperance, justice, religion, and, in short, of all the virtues, civil and military."

§ 4. *As a Means of enabling us to fulfil the Temporal Duties of Life.*

These duties consist, first, in providing honestly for ourselves and families; secondly, in helping our neighbor; and, thirdly, in promoting the good of society at large. It is the due performance of these duties that gives worth and dignity to the human character,—that makes the good man,—that renders him useful and respected,—and that constitutes the temporal elements of human happiness. Every virtue has its reward, and every vice a punishment, in one form or another, even here, to say nothing of a hereafter. The indolent man, who provides not for himself and his own, but lives upon the labor of others, becomes a dependant upon the sympathies or charities of the world, and is a stranger to the high and manly feelings that flow from conscious independence. He who cares not for the welfare of his neighbor, or seeks not to promote it, is a stranger to the best feelings of humanity—he is a misanthrope in practice, if not in heart. And he who feels not his obligations to society, for the protection and security it affords him, in the enjoyment of life, liberty, and property—and who does not use a portion of his means and his influence, from a high sense of duty, to promote the commonwealth—to maintain, order, law, and a tone of moral health in society,—is not a good citizen, whatever may be his professions to talents or to wealth.

Now, agricultural employment, in the first place, enables us to provide by our industry for all the first wants, and for most of the substantial comforts of life;—to superintend and assist in the education of our children; to form their habits, restrain their bad passions and propensities, and to start them in life in a course of industry and usefulness.

In the second place, the condition of the agriculturist enables him to help his neighbor, and promote his welfare, in a variety of ways—by his counsel, by pecuniary aid, and particularly by his example. In the city, individual example is limited in its influence, or lost in the crowd, except in very eminent individuals; but in the country, it becomes conspicuous to all; and the good farmer is sure of benefiting those around him, not only by the improvements which he introduces upon his farm, but by his exemplary deportment in life.

In the third place, no one is better fitted than the farmer, to appreciate his high obligations to society,—no one has a stronger interest in performing them. He enjoys the fruits of his labor in peace and quietude, because the laws protect him. He participates in all public improvements, as they tend to enhance the value of his farm and his products. He rejoices in the prosperity of other professions, as they are his customers. He sees constantly around him the works of Creative Wisdom; he sees that they are all governed by immutable laws—and that he is himself subject to these laws; and his employments, his reflections, and a conscious sense of duty, impel in him a desire to aid in carrying out the great and beneficent designs of the Lawgiver.

Having considered agriculture in its influence upon the prosperity of nations,—having demonstrated its susceptibility of great improvements, and noticed some of the principles and profits of the new husbandry; and having endeavored to satisfy our readers, that there is no employment so conducive to health and happiness, by the labor and study which it involves, as this parent art,—we may hereafter speak of its principles and practices.

*The Pastor and the [illegible].*

"Travelling into town one night about dusk, Parson ——— had occasion to call at the mansion of an esteemed parishioner, who had among other worldly possessions, two or three very fine daughters. He had scarcely knocked at the door, when it was hastily opened by one of these blooming maidens, who, as quick as thought, threw her arms around his neck and before he had time to say, "Oh, don't!" pressed her warm, delicate lips to his, and gave him as sweet a kiss as ever heart of swain desired. In utter astonishment, the worthy divine was endeavoring to stammer out something, when the damsel exclaimed,

"Oh, mercy, mercy? Mr. ——— is this you? I thought as much as could be it was my brother Henry."

"Pshaw!" thought the parson to himself, "you did't think any such thing." But taking her hand, he said, in a forgiving tone, "There is no harm done. Don't give yourself any uneasiness; though you ought to be a little more careful."

After this gentle reproof, he was ushered into the parlor by the maiden, who, as she came to the light, could not conceal the deep blush that glowed upon her cheek, while the bouquet that was pinned upon her bosom, shook like a flower garden in an earthquake. And when he rose to depart, it somehow fell to her lot to wait upon him to the door; and it may be added, that in the entry they held discourse together for some minutes—on what subject it is not for us to say.

As the warm hearted pastor plodded homeward, he argued with himself in this wise:

"Miss ——— knew it to be me who knocked at the door, or how did she recognise me before I spoke? And is it probable that her brother would knock before entering? She must be desperately in ———, pshaw! But supposing she did think me her brother? Why, if she loves a brother at that rate, how must she love her husband; for, by the great squash, I never felt such a kiss in my life."

We have only to add, that it was not long after this, that Mr. ——— had occasion to summon a brother in the ministry to the performance of one of the most solemn, as well as pleasant duties attached to the sacred office, and that the lovely Miss ———, above spoken of, thereupon became the lovely Mrs. ———.

PHILADELPHIA INFIRMARY *for Diseases of the Skin, Eye, and Ear.* Wm. Young, M. D. attending physician. The object of this Infirmary is the treatment of diseases of the SKIN, including, under that expression, Erysipelas, Scorbutic complaints in their various forms, as pimples, Scaley eruptions, itching of the skin, Scald Head, Blotches of various colors, Ulcerated Sore Legs, Tetter, Itch, Ringworm, Scrofula or King's Evil, Ulcerated Sore Throat, Ulcers of every description, however old and inveterate, and all diseases arising from impure blood, as well as the diseases which the Eye and Ear are subject to.

It is hardly necessary to enlarge on the importance of an Infirmary of this kind, under the management of a regular physician, and one who has devoted his attention to those particular diseases for the last ten years, and it is hoped as a preliminary step to check the evils and fatal consequences arising from the use of the numerous deleterious nostrums foisted upon the public, by men totally ignorant of medical science.

It may, perhaps, be proper to state, for the information of those patients who wish to consult Dr. Young personally, that the hours of attendance at home, are from nine o'clock in the morning, until two, every day. (Sundays excepted.)

Patients who reside in the country, at whatever distance, can have the remedies applicable to their several disorders, forwarded to any part, carefully secured in a portable compass, and in every respect [illegible]. They are requested to be as minute as possible in the detail of their cases, as to the duration of the complaint, the symptoms, age, general habits of living, and occupations in life of the party, the communication must also be accompanied by a bank note, without which, no notice whatever can be taken of their application. *Ladies*, whose peculiar complaints naturally excite a fearful hesitation in applying for advice, may rest assured that in most instances a personal interview is unnecessary, as remedies with general instructions can be as well administered through the medium of correspondence.

☞ All letters to be thus addressed—
WM. YOUNG, M. D.
feb 15—3m 38 South Fourth street, Philadelphia.

37 NORTH FIFTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.—More recent evidence in favor of DR. H. HIGBEE'S NEW SYSTEM OF PRACTICE. Cough and disease of the lungs of 20 years continuance cured by Dr. Higbee's Remedy for Pulmonary Diseases. The following copy of a letter from an aged and respectable citizen of Philadelphia, has just been furnished for publication. The original letter from Mr. Bevan, may be seen at DR. HIGBEE'S office, No. 37 North FIFTH street, first door above Cherry street, Philadelphia, where also DR. HIGBEE'S REMEDY may be obtained.

PHILADELPHIA, December 16, 1839.

Dr. H. H. Higbee—Dear Sir: My grand daughter Eliza [illegible], a widow, aged about 30 years, has been for the last 20 years afflicted with a violent cough, and other symptoms, threatening consumption. She had taken various medicines recommended for the complaint, but without benefit, until she became so bad as to be scarcely able to attend to household duties. She had severe pains in the breast and side, headache, pain in the neck, expectoration of matter and blood from the lungs and all the symptoms of Consumption. Having been recommended as a last resource to try Dr. Higbee's medicine, I purchased a bottle for her, and the effect was so wonderfully beneficial, that she continued the use of it, and now is entirely recovered and enabled to attend to her usual occupations. In order that others may be informed where they may apply for relief in similar cases, I give you this sincere testimonial of the astonishing effects of your valuable medicine; hoping that many afflicted individuals may be saved from a dreadful disease through the extraordinary virtues. My residence is No. 337 Callowhill street, above 9th, south side.
PHILIP BEVAN.

The medicine may be obtained at No. 37 North Fifth street, first door above Cherry street, Philadelphia. Also of Joseph Scott, at his Book Store, Wilmington, Delaware; of Joseph Justice, at his Book Store, Trenton, N. J. John Wind, Music Store, Lancaster, Pa.; Bean & Schrack, Norristown, Pa.; Dr. Joseph Flint, Cambridge, Md.; Geo. Tunnall, Georgetown, Del.; C. B. Rogers, Mt. Holly, N. J.; Thomas B. Jobes, Pemberton, N. J.; and all others who can produce proper and satisfactory credentials, showing that they are duly authorised to sell the medicine.
H. H. HIGBEE, M. D.
nov 2—6m. 37 North Fifth street, Philadelphia.

BYBERRY INSTITUTE and PRIVATE BOARDING SCHOOL FOR BOYS.—This Seminary is situated in a beautiful neighborhood, celebrated alike for the salubrity of its air, and the morality and intelligence of its inhabitants,—15 miles N. N. E. of Philadelphia,—½ of a mile from Byberry Meeting House, and 2 miles N. W. of Cornwell's, the Railroad Depot, communicating with the city tri-weekly by mail.

Twelve boarding students can be accommodated, and these with a small and limited number of day scholars will receive the undivided attention of the subscriber.

This institution is designed to furnish thorough instruction in those branches of learning essential to business, as well as to afford opportunity for extended study, to those desirous of completing a liberal Mathematical and Classical education.

The course of study embraces, in addition to the usual branches, the various departments of Mathematics, including Civil Engineering, Surveying, with practice in the field, Spherics, Astronomy, Conic Sections, Fluxions, &c. &c. Natural History,—as Geology, Mineralogy, Botany, &c. &c.

The latter practically, as well as theoretically taught, (during the season) by analysis of the living plants, each student being required to prepare a Herbarium.

The school has access to a large collection in Natural History. Chemistry, and Natural Philosophy, are fully illustrated in a course of lectures aided by ample apparatus.

The government is strictly parental in its character, mild, though firm; and the intercourse of the Principal with his pupils is affable and affectionate; seeking rather to rule by motives addressed to their better feelings than by appeals to their physical sensibility.

The spring and summer term of 24 weeks will commence on the 6th of 4th mo. next, at which time it is desirable that scholars should be entered, in order to commence with the classes.

Application for admission made to Dr. J. L. Pearce, No. 144 Green street, Philadelphia, or to the Principal by mail. JOHN G. LEWIS, Principal.

TERMS.—For tuition, board, washing, lights, fuel, &c. per term of 24 weeks $60 payable quarterly in advance. Books and Stationary furnished at the usual prices.

REFERENCES—In Byberry, James Thornton, Nathaniel Richardson, Israel Walton, John P. Townsend, Cyrus Pearce. In Philadelphia, Dr. J. L. Pearce, No. 144 Green street, Joseph Starr, No. 17 Vine street, Charles Evans, No. 73 Race street, Isaac Pearson, Market street. Nashville, Tenn. Elijah Lewis. In New York, David J. Griscom; Detroit, M. L. Cordell. In Wilmington, Del. A. Alderdice. mar 7—6t*

TRUE POMADE DIVINE. The great usefulness of this most excellent remedy is now so well known to all who have applied it, that no encomium is necessary. One trial will prove its efficacy.

It is used in all Cutaneous Eruptions, quickly removing Pimples, and by steady perseverance the most obstinate and long fixed complaints have been eradicated when all other means have failed. Instances of the most singular cures could be adduced.

It cures Chapped Hands and Lips, Burns, and Scalds Bruises, Strains, and all sorts of Swellings from falls or otherwise; Stiff Neck, Swelling of the Glands, and will greatly relieve Rheumatic and Gouty Pains, fixed to any part. It is an excellent dressing for a Blister, removes the Chafing of Infants, and is invaluable for Sore Breasts, particularly in lying in, its unfailing efficacy in this very trying case should be universally known. It is useful for a Garget, before it is broken, for a Gathering, melting a little into the wound, for Pains in the Stomach, well rubbed in before the fire, for the Piles, and will prevent a Fistula. If a little be well rubbed in for a few minutes on a Bruise or Pinch it will prevent blackness. It is of great benefit to those afflicted with Corns, and is invaluable for Frosted Feet. It will prevent any inconvenience from the effect of cold weather, and will keep the Hands and Face perfectly Smooth, Soft and Pleasant. The delicacy of its fragrance renders it most agreeable. It is prepared with great care from Balsams and Spices, and warranted not to contain a particle of any injurious ingredient; it will retain its virtues many years, in all climates, and is therefore useful to Travellers.

In glasses, with full directions, price 25 and 50 cents, by E. FENNER, No. 1 S. SECOND STREET, Philada. and in every city in the United States.

☞ None are Genuine without his signature on the label. A liberal allowance to Agents. oct 1-6m

WETHERILL & BROTHER, Chemists and Colormen, MANUFACTURERS of White Lead, Leaden Pipe, &c.

IMPORTERS of Drugs, Dyes, Dye Woods, &c. continue to supply their customers with every article of manufacture from their works, and with the freshest and choicest goods from abroad, at their OLD STAND, No. 65 NORTH FRONT STREET, two doors below Arch, east side. feb 1—3m

PREMIUM TEETH.—The subscriber has received from the AMERICAN INSTITUTE, of New York, and from the FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, of Philadelphia, at their last Exhibitions the highest premium for the best MINERAL INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH. [illegible] may be seen at his office, No. 100 Pine street, Philada.
SAMUEL W. STOCKTON.
jan 23—ly Manufacturer of Incorruptible Teeth.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.—The public are [illegible] directed to the medical advertisements of DR. HARLICH'S celebrated COMPOUND STRENGTHENING TONIC, and GERMAN APERIENT PILLS, which are a Medicine of great value to the afflicted, discovered by G. P. HARLICH, a celebrated physician at Alsace, Germany, which has been used with unparalleled success throughout Germany. This Medicine consists of two kinds, viz: the GERMAN APERIENT, and the COMPOUND STRENGTHENING TONIC PILLS. They are each put up in small packs, and should both be used to effect a permanent cure. Those who are afflicted would do well to make a trial of this invaluable Medicine, as they never produce sickness or nausea while using. A safe and effectual remedy for

DYSPEPSIA OR INDIGESTION,

and all Stomach Complaints; pain in SIDE, LIVER COMPLAINTS, Loss of Appetite, Flatulency, Palpitation of the Heart, General Debility, Nervous Irritability, SICK HEADACHE, Female Diseases, Spasmodic Affections, RHEUMATISM, Asthma, CONSUMPTION, &c. The GERMAN APERIENT PILLS are to cleanse the stomach and purify the BLOOD. The Tonic or STRENGTHENING PILLS are to STRENGTHEN and invigorate the nerves and digestive organs and give tone to the Stomach, as all diseases originate from impurities of the BLOOD and disordered Stomach. This mode of treating diseases is pursued by all practical PHYSICIANS, which experience has taught them to be the only remedy to effect a cure. They are not only recommended and prescribed by the most experienced Physicians in their daily practice, but also taken by those gentlemen themselves whenever they feel the symptoms of those diseases, in which they know them to be efficacious. This is the case in all large cities in which they have an extensive sale. It is not to be understood that these medicines will cure all diseases merely by purifying the blood—this they will not do; but they certainly will, and sufficient authority of daily proofs asserting that those medicines, taken as recommended by the directions which accompany them, will cure a great majority of diseases of the stomach, lungs, and liver, by which impurities of the blood are occasioned.

Ask for Dr. Harlich's Compound Strengthening Tonic, and German Aperient Pills.

*Principal Office for the sale of this Medicine, is at No. 19 North EIGHTH street, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh Office, No. 41 St. Clair Street.*

CLEANSE AND STRENGTHEN.—The ONLY sure and the best course to pursue in curing diseases of whatever nature they may be, is, first, to cleanse and purify the Stomach and Bowels by gentle aperients. Secondly, to give strength and tone to those tender organs, by the use of proper tonics. This mode of treating diseases is pursued by the regular Physicians, which they well know to be the only course to resort to, to effect a speedy and permanent cure. DR. HARLICH'S COMPOUND STRENGTHENING TONIC and GERMAN APERIENT PILLS are a sure medicine to effect this grand object. The German Aperient Pills are to cleanse the Stomach and Intestines—after which the Compound Strengthening Tonic Pills are used to give strength and tone to those organs which require tender treatment. Nearly two-thirds of the diseases which we daily behold, are diseases of the nervous system, and by continually using drastic mineral purgatives the sufferer will soon find himself a being too much reduced to remain long in existence. Full and explicit directions, both in English and German, accompany this medicine. ☞ PRINCIPAL OFFICE for the United States, No. 19 North EIGHTH Street, Philad.

MORE PROOFS of the efficacy of DR. HARLICH'S COMPOUND STRENGTHENING TONIC and GERMAN APERIENT PILLS.—Mr. James [illegible], Schuylkill Third street, cured by the above medicine. His symptoms were pain in the stomach after eating, loss of appetite, pain in the side and breast, attended with a hacking cough, costiveness, and many other sensations not essential to mention. He is willing to give any satisfaction to any inquiring person, of the wonderful effects of this medicine. For sale at No. 19 North EIGHTH street.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT TO THE AFFLICTED.—To the Agent for the sale of Dr Harlich's Medicine, 19 North Eighth street. Dear Sir: Having been suffering for nearly ten years past, with that most uncharitable among the long catalogue of diseases, called Dyspepsia: and after resorting to numberless ineffectual remedies during that long age of suffering and expense (as the money I have expended during that time illy comported with my circumstances in life) and conceiving my situation a hopeless one, I could but compare it to the description given of a man on his journey falling among thieves, who after robbing him left him to die of his wounds; for after having my money filched from me, in obtaining a number of quack nostrums under pretence of obtaining relief, I found they increased the malady to an alarming degree, bordering on despair; until by accident a friend of mine, pointed out to me in "The Public Ledger," a remedy lately brought before the public, called "DR. HARLICH'S COMPOUND STRENGTHENING AND GERMAN APERIENT PILLS," although doubting their efficacy, but as a "*dernier resort*," I was induced to give them a trial, the result of which, after a few weeks, has been beyond my most sanguine expectations, in truth, they have afforded me all the relief that could be anticipated through the agency of a good Providence. Ever grateful for the relief the above medicine has afforded, I cheerfully recommend it to aid in the cause of suffering humanity.
"*A resident of the County of Philadelphia.*"
For Sale, at No. 19 North EIGHTH st.

KIND MOTHERS, let not LITTLE CHILDREN suffer from the evil effects of TEETHING.—When Teething is difficult many complaints arise, such as fever, CONVULSIONS, Cough, difficulty of breathing bowel complaint, inflamation of the eyes, and sores behind the ears, &c. A child thus affected is observed to be restless, fretful and feverish, sleeps but little, and is often seized with sudden fits of screaming and crying, thrusts the fingers into its mouth and bites, thereby seeming to obtain relief. You who have LITTLE CHILDREN thus affected, spare no time in procuring DR. PARIS' CELEBRATED TOOTHING SYRUP, which gives immediate relief to those little ones as soon as it is applied to the gums, thereby preventing Convulsions and all other unpleasant symptoms.

Be careful and purchase only at the PRINCIPAL OFFICE, No. 19 NORTH EIGHT STREET, or of advertised Agents.

CONSUMPTION! CONSUMPTION! that fell destroyer which slays its *Thousands and Tens of Thousands* annually. How shall we arrest its fatal progress before it seizes upon the VITALS? I would answer at once take some suitable medicine to arrest the disease at the very commencement. How very many do we see in the world whose delicate frames look scarcely able to support even a short reign of existence—but by the timely care and proper means they make use of, others will live to live the most athletic and robust, who neglect such timely care and proper means that are placed within their reach, which would unquestionably arrest it if taken in proper time. At the head of all remedies, and the first in rank, stands Dr. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY, which, if administered in time, and taken agreeably to the prescribed rules which accompany the medicine, will in all instances, arrest and check its progress, and restore the patient to health.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE, No. 19 North EIGHTH Street, Philadelphia, where this invaluable Medicine can always be obtained. jan 25—3m

NEWSPAPER FILES, STEEL PLATES, MAPS, &c.—For sale files of the Saturday Evening Post for 1836, 1837, 1838, and 1839. Colored Maps and Plates of Pennsylvania, New York, Virginia, Europe, Texas, &c. The STEEL PLATES of annuals and such as have appeared in the Casket for several years past of great beauty. A great variety of WOOD CUTS which have embellished the Casket for years past. For sale low if early application is made to S. C. ATKINSON.
jan 18—3m 20 Carter's alley.

DOCTOR ABRAHAM HOWELL'S GENUINE TETTER OINTMENT. This Ointment cures effectually the Tetter, Scald Head, Itch, Ring-worm, Salt Rheum, Pimples and [illegible] on the face, and all species of cutaneous eruptions. It is considered unnecessary to make any comment on the virtue of this ointment, as it has for thirty years past, proved a speedy and effectual remedy for the above complaints.

PRICES of large boxes one dollar, or ten dollars per dozen—small boxes 50 cents, or five dollars per dozen. A liberal discount made to druggists, and those who purchase to sell again.

Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, by M. E. Howell at No. 66 North 6th, the second door above Cherry street, Philadelphia.

All orders from a distance, post paid, accompanied with the cash, and directed to the proprietor, will be thankfully received, and attended to with despatch.

Also sold by G. Gordon, No. 17 South Seventh street.

CAUTION.—In consequence of several spurious ointments being palmed upon the public, as Dr. Howell's Genuine Tetter Ointment, the name of Dr. Abraham Howell will be labelled in full on each box, and the bill of directions enveloping the Genuine Ointment, will be accompanied with the fac simile of the signature of the sole proprietor, M. E. Howell, and no other will be genuine.
feb 8—3m

SILVER PLATE, SPOON AND FORK MANUFACTORY, *South West corner of Fifth and Cherry streets*. The subscribers have constantly on hand, a handsome assortment of SILVER Plate, Spoons, Forks, and every article belonging to the silversmith business or manufactured to order in the neatest and best manner, or to match any pattern given, at the lowest manufactured prices.

Persons who wish to purchase, are requested to call at their manufactory, where they will find work not surpassed in the city, for neatness, taste and elegance of finish.

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